Peter Andrews on the Best Baseball Writer Ever

Saturday Review

May 14, 1977

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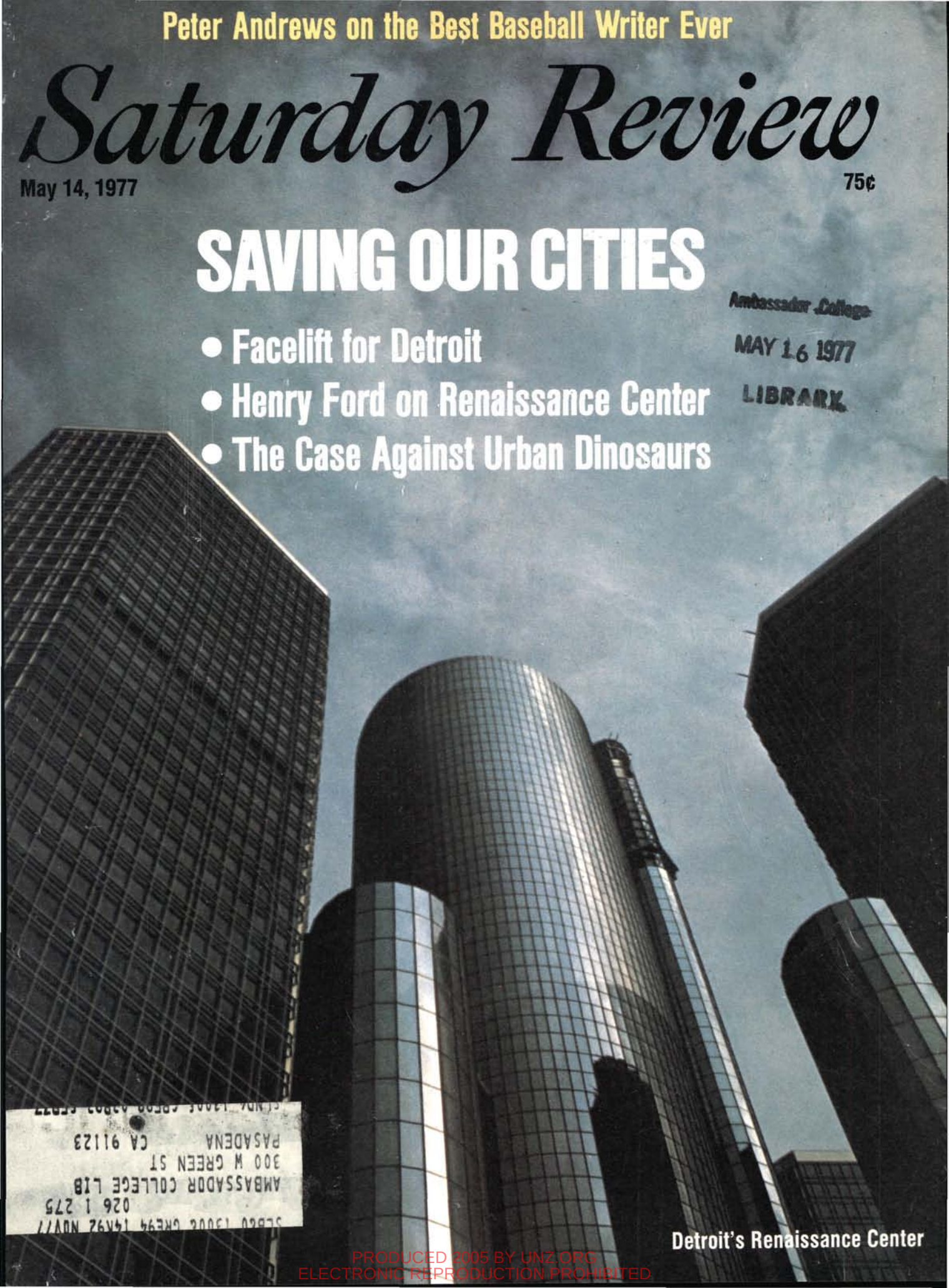

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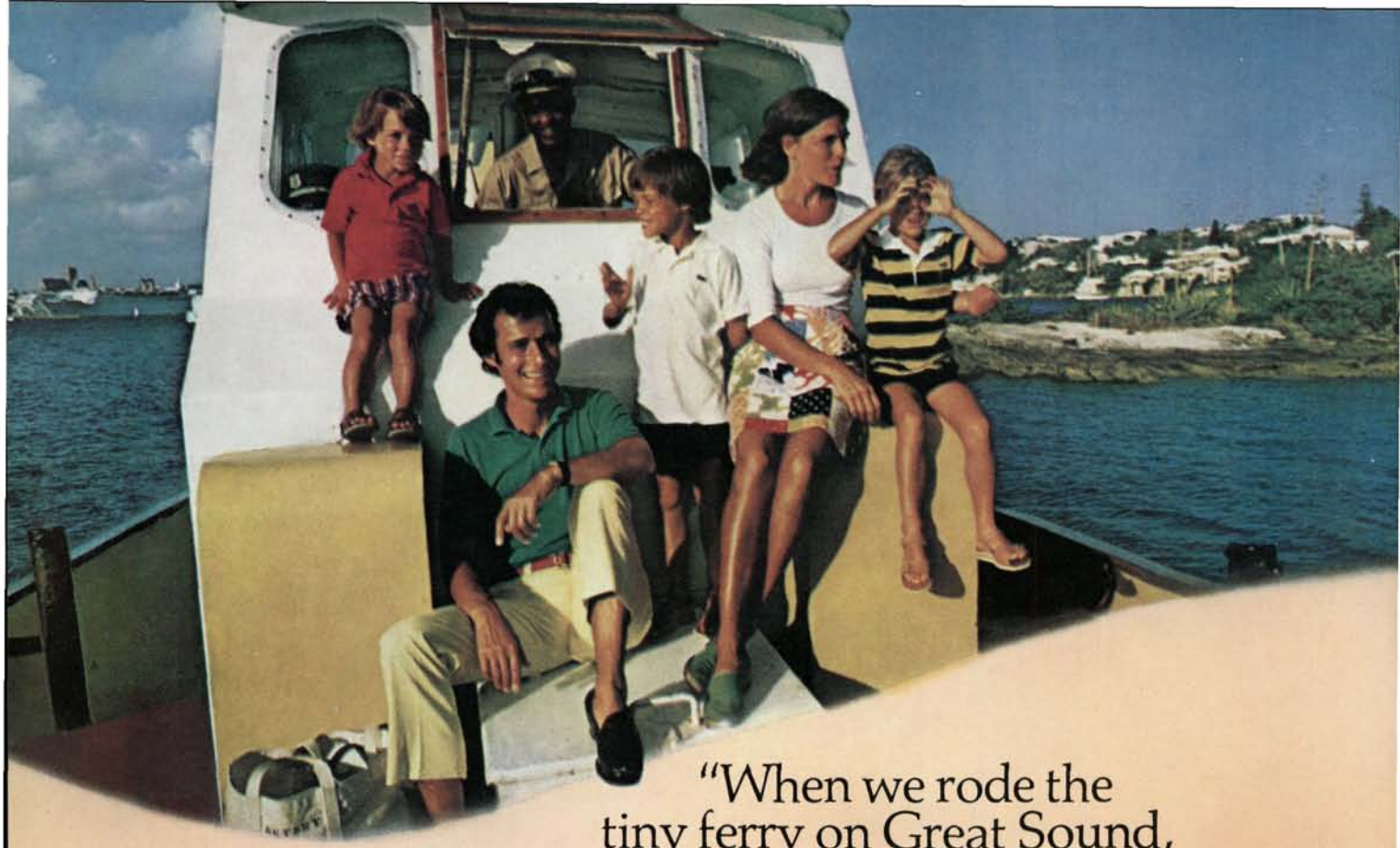

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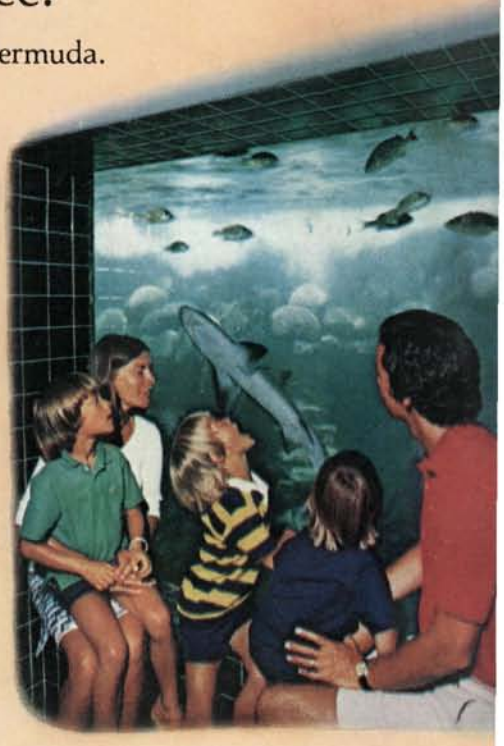

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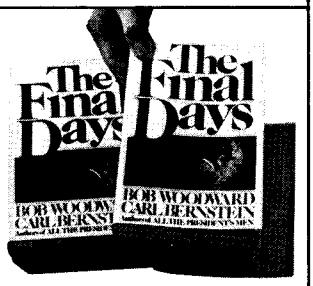

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Notes of an Itinerant

"The air these days is filled with the electricity of human minds interacting systematically with the most complex problems of our times."

Good News from Los Alamos

Los Alamos, N.M., is the home of the world's first nuclear explosive. The countryside around the community is bold and brawny, with commanding mesas and long, sweeping vistas; this natural setting is somehow symbolic of the power of the device being manufactured in Los Alamos's massive concrete vaults.

I had a chance not long ago to revisit Los Alamos after an interval of about 25 years. The laboratory remains a key unit of our nuclear-war plants, but it has also become the largest nonmilitary scientific laboratory of its kind in the world. The present director, Harold Agnew, takes pride in the diversity of the laboratory's research programs, which range from efforts to combat disease in livestock to development of a model for tapping thermal energy stored in the earth.

The fact that the world, at some time in the predictable future, will exhaust its petroleum supply invests the Los Alamos geothermal project with the highest importance. Although not much has been said about geothermal energy, the Los Alamos scientists have already demonstrated the feasibility of generating power by breaking through sub-surface rock in order to tap the interior heat of the earth. As with most scientific undertakings in an early stage of development, the project has not yet progressed to the point that energy can be produced at a competitive cost. But techniques of generating geothermal power are being refined, and there is at least a fifty-fifty chance that the process can be economically feasible before too long.

Harold Agnew is not sanguine about the development of nuclear fusion as a major source of available energy in our lifetime. Assuming he is correct, the geothermal work at Los Alamos could have the widest significance. It would indeed be beautifully symmetrical if out of the mountain mesa where the first nuclear weapon was assembled there came the means of tapping the earth for a large part of the world's energy needs.

Mr. De's Science Collection

At the University of Oklahoma, I had an opportunity recently to pay a long anticipated visit to the section of the university library that houses the famed DeGolyer Collection in the History of Science and Technology. E. DeGolyer was the scientist-bookman who was my partner in the early development of the *Saturday Review*. Over the years Mr. De put together a remarkable private library reflecting his interest in literature, exploration, Southwest Americana, geology, and the history of science in general. Before he died, he had turned over his science collection to the University of Oklahoma, his alma mater. That bequest was the beginning of what has since become the world's finest collection of books on the history of science.

Several times, while Mr. De was alive, I had arranged to see the collection, but had to put it off for one reason or another. Last month, however, I treated myself to a sentimental journey. The collection is housed in a neatly compartmentalized section of the main library. Here one finds the original editions of works by men who laid the foundations of scientific knowledge—Copernicus, Euclid, Galileo, Newton, and Boyle. Altogether, the collection has swelled to 30,000 books, thanks to university funds. Among the items are the proceedings and journals of virtually every important scientific body in the world. At least half a dozen languages are represented on the shelves.

Few men aspire to goals beyond their lifetimes. The science collection at the University of Oklahoma is the fulfillment of Mr. De's dream. It gave me the deepest pleasure to imagine him poking around the books, his scholarly comments enlivened by his droll and sometimes puckish humor.

No Governance Without Government

Recently, the Aspen Institute held a conference in New York on the subject of governance—an unnecessarily fancy term for the ability of society to conduct and regulate itself in the common interest. The conference sought no consensus. The discussion, however, produced a wide variety of viewpoints that tended to converge on a disturbing fact: the world's people are confronted by common problems but have yet to devise common approaches to them. A world community is evident practically everywhere except in the actions of those who govern.

Such a conclusion is, of course, almost bromidic; it is nevertheless a truth that must be recognized and repeated until it penetrates the vitals of governments themselves.

The conferees were reasonably optimistic about the ability of people to prod governments once they were convinced about the necessity of goals. And the conferees were encouraged about the way the private sector is examining public policy. In fact, the air these days is filled with the electricity of human minds interacting systematically with the most complex problems of our times. The university demonstrations of the Sixties have been replaced by the deliberations of the Seventies. The generation gap no longer holds any terrors. Young people these days appraise ideas not on the basis of personal biological phenomena but according to their power and validity. It is no accident that one of the most popular speakers on college campuses today is Buckminster Fuller, age eighty. The reason is clear. Mr. Fuller is the natural enemy of cynicism, disillusion, defeatism, fatalism, hopelessness, and all the other manifestations of despair that are at odds with the making of a better society. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

The Congressman vs. Christmas

I have read K. Jason Sitewell's letter ["Letters from Readers," April 2] in which he urges the opposition of a bill that would abolish Christmas cards and substitute a computerized registry.

I have known Congressman Day for many years. He is a devoutly religious man. It is his respect for religion that motivates him to sponsor a national computerized Christmas-greeting registry.

Congressman Day's bill does not abolish the custom of exchanging Christmas cards and New Year's greetings. It only applies to those cards that contain no penned signatures or handwritten messages. There is no warmth in a card that lacks the personal touch; it is as sterile and dehumanized as the computer printouts that so enrage Mr. Sitewell. Congressman Day's proposed bill does have the advantages of saving more than two million trees and many millions of dollars for the American people.

Congressman Day, I salute you. I know how hard it is to champion an unpopular cause.

Sanford Hershfield
Glen Arm, Maryland

K. Jason Sitewell, for once, has a point. Congressman Day's proposed legislation to abolish Christmas cards and substitute a national computerized registry does dehumanize our society.

I wish, however, that Mr. Sitewell would abandon what appears to be a one-man vendetta and try to be constructive. I believe that two simple amendments to H.R. 9713A will restore the personal touch at holiday time.

First, for a nominal charge, say, $2.50, any individual could register his desire to thank the persons who had wished him well (or who would have, if cards were legal).

Second, anyone who had used the registry to send well-wishes could, for an additional $3.00, receive the list of persons who cared enough to send a thank-you (or who would have, had the cards been sent in the first place).

I have telegrammed Congressman Day with these suggestions, and I believe your readers should know this before writing to their own representatives.

Mel Rosen
Stanfordville, N.Y.

Hooray for Day! He's right. But then again, so is Sitewell.

Christmas cards are a plague—more menacing than the insidious golf greens of *SR* legend. But computers are not the answer. There's a better way to handle the situation.

Here's the full story of how our family conquered Christmas-card pollution:

For years, our Christmas-card list had the names of relatives, neighbors, friends, acquaintances, fellow members of church, clubs, and organizations to which we belonged, and people we'd met on trips and at meetings, parties, and conventions, whose faces we scarcely recalled.

Last fall we realized the total was 681 and rising. When I started thinking about the worth of the tradition, I recalled having said to a friend the previous January, "Sorry you didn't get our Christmas card."

"But we did," he protested. "Wasn't it the one with Santa being pulled by Rudolph and Snoopy? Or was yours the one with the full moon and empty bottles?"

"No, ours was the one with the handwritten note inviting you to the New Year's Eve party you missed."

That's when I realized our Christmas cards were just adding to the national pollution problem. My wife, Peggy, and I sat down and cut off everyone from our list who hadn't sent *us* a card the year before (but, of course, that was mere child's play). "We've got to cut more," I said. "Who's next?"

"We've only knocked off a few of your relatives," Peggy said.

We then cut off everyone who had sent us three-page mimeographed reports of their travels and triumphs.

"They won't even notice," Peggy said.

Then we cut off everyone who'd sent cards with printed names only. The list was now down to 103.

"Who'll we cut next?" I asked.

"We've hardly made a dent in your relatives," said Peggy.

So we cut off everyone who *merely* signed the cards.

"I believe that leaves only one of your relatives," said Peggy.

"Yes, and she died last August," I answered.

Then we cut off everyone we'd see around town frequently. "We'll just *tell* them 'Merry Christmas' in person."

That left 11 names on our list. We had triumphed over another menace that pollutes our environment.

But that was last October. After a few weeks of pre-Christmas carols and parties, we were glowing with Christmas spirit. We started putting names back on our list, one by one, two by two, and ten by twenty.

By December first, the count was 824 and rising.

Charles Branch
Memphis, Tennessee

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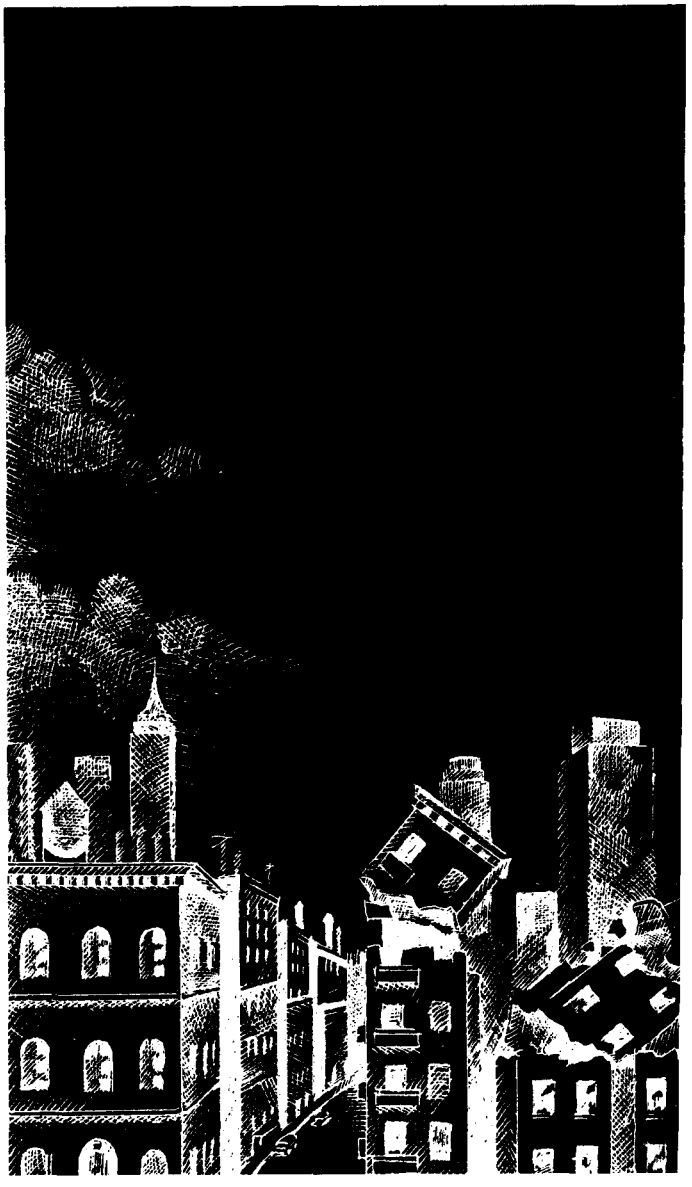
Saving Our Cities

The rage for building giant downtown commercial centers as the ultimate remedy for urban decay goes on unabated despite nagging doubts that those centers may in fact do more to destroy a city than to save it. In the following section, Roger M. Williams inspects the rationale for Detroit's new Renaissance Center; Henry Ford II adds a few words in praise of the giant project; and lastly, urban affairs consultant William G. Conway takes careful aim at what he calls today's "destructive, lumbering urban dinosaurs"—the megastructures.



Facelift for Detroit

by Roger M. Williams

DETROIT has become everyone's favorite example of a dying city: the place where urban problems have converged to wipe out the achievements and values of twentieth-century America. Although accounts of Detroit's demise have been exaggerated as well as premature, the patient is indeed very ill. Many thousands of houses and apartment buildings lie abandoned and often gutted. Stores and hotels have closed downtown to follow the white middle class into the suburbs. The violent-crime rate is among the highest in the nation's cities, and the heroin problem is second to none. Unemployment runs around 14 percent—almost 40 percent for black teen-agers. Gangs of youths terrorize neighborhoods, parking lots, and even expressways, where, for a period last summer, they preyed on stalled motorists.

It is understood among businessmen that in such a situation everybody tries to cut his losses and pull out smoothly. Nobody expands or builds anything new. Yet downtown Detroit today is the site of the most expensive real estate development in the world—arguably the most expensive in history, if you figure that slave labor built the pyramids. The project is Renaissance Center, a colossal group of office buildings, shops, and a hotel that has risen on the barren banks of the Detroit River. The cost of construction is $337 million, and every dollar of it is private money. Thus the center is billed as proof of private enterprise's concern for Detroit and, by extension, for all of urban America.

In that sense, at least, Renaissance Center has more importance as a symbol than it does as an actuality. Boosters already are proclaiming it the symbol of the "new Detroit," a concept that has been struggling to gain credibility for the past several years. The name itself was chosen to suggest the city's emergence from a dark age. (Ironically, the deposed emblem, called "Spirit of Detroit," is a statue of a crouching man who could be rising to his feet or sinking to his knees, depending on one's view of him—and of his city.)

Whatever the merits of Renaissance Center as symbol, architecture, or homage to the gods, it will be judged most critically for its impact on beleaguered Detroit. Henry Ford II, the driving force behind the center, admitted as much when he proclaimed the project "primarily a catalyst to make other things happen." By "other things," Ford and his associates mean the physical regeneration of downtown Detroit and the spiritual regeneration of the whole city.

That is a very large order, and many observers are skeptical that it can be filled. How, they ask, can a flashy real estate development solve the urban problems that abound in Detroit? What significant impact can it have on unemployment, white flight, the decay of downtown? What impact of any kind can it have on crime, housing abandonment, heroin addiction, and the hostile, hopeless feeling that pervades vast segments of the city's population? If the answer is, "Very little," aren't the renaissance centers of our time—the "megastructures" mushrooming in American cities—expensive

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Joseph Scrofani

baubles that divert attention and money from the real problems?

Before I talked to the Renaissance Center people, the theorists as well as the day-to-day managers, I was pretty sure those questions were better than the answers to them would be. Now I am not at all sure. While Renaissance is no panacea, a good case can be made for it. The case goes beyond the essentially negative "What the hell else might work for a place like Detroit?" It goes to what may well be the critical element in restoring the health of the cities: attracting middle-class whites to live in them again.

THERE are several explanations of how Henry Ford came to build Renaissance Center. One has it that he wanted an achievement to cap his career as one of America's premier industrialists; another, that he was mortified by his brother Billy's decision to relocate the Detroit Lions football team, which Billy owns, in suburban Pontiac. Ford's own explanation is persuasive. He says that leaders of Detroit's would-be regeneration persuaded him to do it—shamed him, in a sense—by pointing out that he had already helped adjoining Dearborn, headquarters of the Ford Motor Company, by constructing the huge Fairlane project there. They pointed out, too, that although the company no longer has operations in Detroit, its well-being is inextricably tied to that of the city.

Renaissance Center, then, was principally a balancing of obligations and interests by Henry Ford. "Mr. Ford realized that the suburbs can't be the financial and cultural base for a metropolitan area," says Wayne S. Doran, president of the Ford real estate subsidiary that put together the Renaissance deal. "The city has to fill that function. He realized also that the other suburbs had been draining population and business from Dearborn itself. Certainly, with both the Dearborn and Detroit projects, he was protecting his own economic interests. But he was protecting a larger interest as well—the economic well-being of the whole region." Once Ford determined that Detroit had to be helped, he summoned the help. As Doran says, "He's not the kind of guy who lies back."

Henry Ford's helpers turned out to be 51 major corporations, each with a substantial economic stake in greater Detroit. Among them are names that have made the city world-famous: General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, B. F. Goodrich, Firestone, Bendix, Gulf & Western, TRW.

Continued on next page

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J. Bruce Baumann/Black Star

Detroit, 1967—"The riots set off a rush of government-funded social programs that did nothing to revitalize the city as a whole."

The corporations amassed $37.5 million in equity capital—with Ford, GM, and a couple of others contributing $6 million each—to start the project. They purchased 33 acres of Detroit River frontage. And they hired Atlanta architect John Portman, developer of Peachtree Center, Embarcadero Plaza, and other spectaculars, to design the biggest, most stupendous urban megastructure ever seen.

Portman produced a very Portmanesque design: a cylindrical 73-story reflecting-glass hotel surrounded by four octagonal 39-story office towers and, eventually, a half-dozen or more lower buildings. The cluster is interconnected by enclosed walkways and a four-story pedestrian mall that will house shops, restaurants, and so forth. The hotel, named the Detroit Plaza, opened in March, and two of the office towers have been accepting tenants for several months. It is all properly awesome and futuristic, with 1,000-feet-a-minute elevators and small suspended cocktail areas called "pods"—although to this layman's eye the pitted, dun-colored natural concrete makes as dull an interior here as it does in other Portman buildings.

The center has not had a smooth road financially. Cost overruns on construction were so large that Henry Ford, aided by Mayor Coleman Young, had to go back to the investors for almost $100 million more. While the hotel has had excellent advance bookings (downtown Detroit is short of first-class hotel space), the office buildings and retail shops have done only modestly well. Local sources say office rentals were lagging badly until Ford decided to move 1,700 of his own employees from Dearborn into the center, where they will occupy an entire tower. The retail-space purveyors are trying to secure big names from the fashion world, especially some from Western Europe, to give the center chic. Although that seems logical, it is also risky: in Atlanta's Omni complex, such classy shops as Gucci, Lanvin, and Rizzoli have fared poorly; their sophistication and prices outpace the local market.

Without question, the center has transformed a substantial section of the riverfront and raised hopes for the rest of it. Through the shortsightedness typical of city fathers and their professional planners, Detroit's side of the river had become little more than a junkyard, a collection of dilapidated warehouses, obsolete factories, and parking lots. Now Detroiters realize that the river and its north bank (because the river twists, Detroit is north of Windsor, Ontario, on the south bank) are among the city's finest natural assets.

But no one knows how far inland, to the core of Detroit and its problems, the blessings of Renaissance will radiate. In the immediate vicinity, across busy Jefferson Avenue, there are signs of new life. Blue Cross–Blue Shield has expanded the complex that serves as its Midwest headquarters. An architect who was ready to leave the area has instead renovated one old building and transformed another—a former flophouse—into a branch of a well-known Grosse Pointe restaurant. Retail and service establishments will follow in an effort to capitalize on the spillover business from the Renaissance offices and hotel.

Farther into the city there are other examples of rejuvenation, although it becomes difficult to attribute them to the center. Woodward and Washington avenues, once Detroit's proudest thoroughfares, are stirring after years of sliding downhill.

Mayor Young, an early supporter of candidate Jimmy Carter, has not yet seen his support repaid with Carter administration largess. Nonetheless, Young's skill at dealing with the Washington bureaucracy has attracted more federal dollars than Detroit has ever received before. The feds have agreed to fund a "people mover" system, a roof for the Woodward Avenue mall, and part of the mayor's current pet project, a sports arena. In all, $2 billion worth of construction is now under way in the city.

That Detroit should require this kind of resurrection is ironic. As the birthplace and home of the automobile industry, it has symbolized the successful material side of the American way of life. Detroit not only helped to create the American dream, it lived that dream to the fullest. Until withered by urban blight, it was a melting pot where southern blacks and Appalachian whites could and did come to make, in its factories, more money than they had dreamed possible. Nor was Detroit a gritty, turn-of-the-century manufacturing town. It was a green city, with broad boulevards, a high proportion of single-family home ownership, and its share of creditable cultural institutions.

Several things combined to change this happy picture. Detroit's mighty industrial base became shaky and increasingly vulnerable to the vicissitudes of the national economy. Seeking to take advantage of the nationwide flight from the cities, Detroit's suburbs mounted effective campaigns to capture the people who worked downtown and, with them, their jobs. Detroit lost 100,000 residents in the 1960s and another 100,000 from 1970 to 1975, as the suburbs flowered with apartment and office buildings. While the towns of Southfield and Troy were the most successful raiders, almost every district with a few trees and no poor blacks scored at the expense of the city. Among the major companies that pulled out of downtown were S. S. Kresge and Bendix. With them and many smaller firms went confidence in and commitment to the city.

Poorly managed government programs exacerbated the problem. The program run by the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development during the early Seventies was so bad that today HUD is a dirty word in Detroit.

The very companies that built modern Detroit contributed

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heavily to its decline. For example, the Big Three auto makers have until recently failed to support public transit, preferring to see their Motor City choke on private vehicles. (In the process, almost half of downtown became parking lots.) Office construction stagnated, and the owners of "Class A" buildings maximized their profits instead of modernizing to meet the increasing competition from the suburbs. Detroit's conservative banking community stunted whatever speculative growth might have taken place. "You must have overbuilding if a city is to grow," says Henry Hagood, a black Detroit developer, "but the banks demanded that everything be sold or rented in advance before they'd put up money."

Robert McCabe, president of Detroit Renaissance, a civic group, readily admits that the city has suffered from establishment neglect. "The captains of industry were making it big then," McCabe says. "Who thought of problems? That's one reason we were so shocked by the 1967 riots." Those highly destructive riots set off a rush of government-funded social programs that may have eased ghetto problems but did nothing to revitalize the city as a whole. Both the image and the reality of Detroit continued to deteriorate.

Enter Henry Ford II, a refreshingly informal tycoon known around Detroit as "Hank the Deuce." Ford and the corporate executives to whom he appealed had seen enough "people programs," as they were called in the high-flying days of the Johnson administration. "We wanted a brick-and-mortar operation that would start important *physical* things happening," says McCabe, whose organization was a spiritual godfather to Renaissance Center. "We had to become competitive again in the local and national markets. And we wanted to do that the way we knew how—through private investment."

Ford has been criticized for not spreading the $337 million around Detroit in a series of smaller projects. His answer is that he wanted a project with a certain catalytic effect and that any number of routine buildings would not produce that. As McCabe puts it, "We wanted to build something with the kind of critical mass that would make people say, Something's really happening in Detroit. In the trade, that is sometimes called 'J.C. architecture' because it triggers the exclamation, 'Jesus Christ!' " John Portman not only designs J.C.'s, he also believes that city revitalization requires the creation of "total environments" rather than of standard structures that fulfill only one or two basic needs.

"Cities have the image of being unsafe places," says John Portman. "We have to give people city environments where they feel safe."

"You can't make people come into or stay in the city," Portman told me recently. "You have to create the circumstances that will attract them." These days that means convenience, pleasing surroundings, style, and, increasingly, physical safety. Portman's total environments provide these. Even when he talks about "putting people on their feet again, so they can walk to work, to church, to the drugstore," he means walk *within* a single urban complex.

Critics have called Renaissance Center a Noah's Ark for the white middle class. They note the easy access for motoring suburbanites, the on-site underground parking, and the cluster design—with formidable abutments on the side facing downtown—that accentuates the fortress feeling. Other than explaining the abutments (they house the huge heating and air-conditioning units), Portman simply shrugs off the charge: "I'm glad the center offers a sense of security. Let's face it, cities, and certainly Detroit, have at least the image of being unsafe places. To reverse that, we have to give people city environments where they feel safe."

Police statistics demonstrate that downtown Detroit is actually one of the safest sections in the city, but it takes a long time for this news to penetrate to the suburbs. One can hardly spend a day in the city without hearing stories of suburbanites who won't come downtown or who haven't been there for years and are proud of it. A wave of youth-gang violence last summer increased suburbanites' fears sharply.

In selling Renaissance Center, its promoters play up the security of the place while pointing out subtly that the suburbs themselves are none too safe these days. Gazing out a window on the top floor of the center, a Renaissance representative told me how pleased businessmen from Chicago and New York are to come upon this vista: "You don't really see the ghettos from here. They're not obtrusive the way they are in those other cities."

Although Renaissance salesmen have not yet persuaded any companies to forsake the suburbs, they have signed up a number of downtown firms that probably would have relocated there. The center has compiled quite a record of making off with the major tenants of other downtown office buildings. To the building owners' protests, Renaissance replies rather piously that this is the price of progress and, rather sensibly, that the suburbs were "raiding" downtown office buildings long before it entered the competition.

The competition is not on even terms because the entire center is, in effect, an in-house project of the auto industry's extended family. Of the 51 investor companies, only a dozen or so have no readily identifiable connection with the industry. The rest, as suppliers or bankers to Henry Ford and the other auto makers, are subject to the wishes of and pressures from the purchasers of their products. So, too, are a high percentage of the tenants who have taken office space in the center.

Beyond this is the question of whether a project of Renaissance's magnitude could be brought off without a big daddy who has economic muscle and lots of IOUs to cash. Perhaps in no other city could a Henry Ford muster this kind of extended business family for this kind of undertaking.

The least mentioned element of Renaissance Center—housing—may turn out to be the most important in terms of the future of Detroit. Phase two of the scheme contains plans for high-rental apartments in adjoining buildings. "You have to establish [Renaissance] as a job site first, then hope people will want to live near their jobs," Portman explains. "We worked in reverse at Embarcadero Center, putting in the apartments first. We had a hard time renting them, and that was San Francisco, not Detroit."

Yet several Detroiters with whom I spoke insisted that if Renaissance had apartments, they would be renting right now. There is evidence to support their claim. What little good downtown apartment space remains is fully rented, with waiting lists common. Henry Hagood says that his middle-income downtown apartment buildings are full and

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that whites represent a steadily growing proportion of the tenants; about half of these whites have moved in from the suburbs. "Builders are crawling all over Detroit now," Hagood adds. "Everybody's looking for sites." In addition, old houses in Detroit's in-town neighborhoods are selling better than they have for many years. They hold a fresh appeal for young couples whose alternative is to pay at least twice as much for a run-of-the-mill ranch house miles from anything but suburban sprawl.

To the west of Renaissance Center, industrialist-financier Max Fisher is attempting to do what Ford and Portman have put off doing, that is, build apartments on the riverfront. Fisher is about to break ground on a 2,500-unit high-rise that will be the first major apartment building constructed in central Detroit in two decades. "If it goes, it'll mean a lot to this town," Hagood says. "Even if we can get well-to-do whites interested in coming back in, at this point there's almost no place for them to live."

Recognizing the importance of such housing to Detroit, the Michigan legislature recently passed a bill that provides a 12-year moratorium on taxes on improvements made on land used for housing projects in the city. Without a break of this sort, developers would find the speculative ventures that Detroit now badly needs much too risky to undertake.

If America's cities are to become stable, they need people who will live in them by choice, not, like the poor, because they are captives. Without such people, a city has too little vitality and spirit, as well as too small a tax base. New York, for all its fiscal problems, is healthier and more vital than many of the cities whose residents deride it—because it remains a place where people choose to live.

Detroit's predicament grows out of two deep roots. One is the plight of its poor. Optimistic predictions notwithstanding, Renaissance Center will do little for them; that is a job for government, through large-scale, imaginative programs, sensitively administered. The second root is the attitude of the middle class. As long as middle-class whites and increasing numbers of their black counterparts choose to live outside the city and avoid it whenever possible, Detroit cannot recover.

When suburbanites come to Renaissance to work or shop or eat at a restaurant, even if they come by armored car, their irrational fears may begin to dissipate, and they may discover the numerous advantages that any major city holds over any suburb. That is a far from certain prospect, but it is Detroit's best hope. ◉

Henry Ford on Renaissance Center

The following questions were submitted to Henry Ford II by SR.

What is your response to the charge that Renaissance Center is an enclave for middle- and upper-class people—that it is intended to shut out others, especially poor blacks?

Renaissance Center is not intended to be an enclave of any kind. It is either creating or bringing to the city thousands of jobs, performed by people of all socioeconomic levels. The Detroit Plaza Hotel alone is creating 1,800 to 2,000 jobs. Renaissance tenants will be going out to visit a variety of restaurants and stores in the area. I'd expect even more of this if mass transportation becomes a reality downtown.

Some say that attracting people to live downtown, rather than just work downtown, is critical to revitalization of a city. If you agree, why is there no housing in Renaissance Center?

I agree—but you can do just so much at once. We didn't have enough money to do the housing on the river as well as the hotel and offices. We finally decided it was important to provide a reason for people to want to live downtown—hence development of the hotel, shops, and offices first. Once these phase one projects are in operation, about 20,000 people will be working at or visiting Renaissance Center daily. Their presence will create an environment that hopefully will make residential development a natural offshoot. As you know, another developer [Max Fisher] already has announced plans to build a 2,500-unit residential complex on the riverfront close to Renaissance Center.

You seem to feel that the profit motive is a necessary part of a development like Renaissance Center. What if the federal government says to corporations like Ford Motor Company, "We will give concessions to you in lieu of taxes if you spend money downtown"? Is this a good approach?

I suppose any kind of incentive would be helpful, whether it's from the federal, state, or city government. Renaissance Center makes a different point, though: it was built with private capital and without any extraordinary tax breaks. What it says is that the competitive system works pretty well without any special governmental involvement.

Renaissance Center is top-heavy with auto-related investors and tenants. Is it therefore possible that it is not a true indicator of real business interest in Detroit—and not a blueprint for development elsewhere?

If auto interests are especially well represented among investors and tenants at Renaissance Center, so, too, are they well represented in many other endeavors in and around Detroit. Much of the gross national product in this city springs directly or indirectly from the auto business. But also involved at Renaissance Center is a great cross section of the entire community—public accounting firms, law offices, banks, consulting businesses, stockbrokers, airlines, retail offices, news media, and others.

Can Renaissance Center be considered a success on its own, or must it have spin-off effects in the city at large?

Renaissance Center, in and of itself, is not the answer to Detroit's problems. Renaissance Center will help the city by providing impressive physical structures and the jobs that go with them. The project also bolsters morale and demonstrates confidence in the future of the city. But if there were no spin-offs, Renaissance Center would be only partly successful. In these early stages of Renaissance, I'm pleased by the effect it already has had and I look for more. ◉

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IDS Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gerald Brimacombe/Black Star

The Case Against Urban Dinosaurs

by William G. Conway

As CONTEMPORARY wisdom would have it, the future of the American city depends on megastructures—those huge but slickly sophisticated commercial real estate projects that have been springing up in American cities for the past decade. Tax-starved mayors, along with the owners of dwindling downtown business establishments, persist in their claim that these giant renewal efforts are all that keep their cities from irreversible decay.

The truth is, however, that the megastructure guarantees neither the investment of its owners nor the future of the city. Far from lending strength to downtown areas, these complexes create little more than a suburban island in mid-city. The hope had been that the architectural behemoths would be the most promising of the creations thus far produced by the boom-bust cycle of real estate speculation. But it is the cycle itself, together with the size and complexity of the projects, that spells financial trouble for megastructure owners. Plagued by cost overruns, the overbuilding that accompanies speculative fever, and onerous finance charges, more and more owners are turning over control of their projects to the out-of-town financial institutions that made them possible in the first place. The size of the structures keeps financial institutions committed to the projects after owner troubles ensue.

Trailing in the wake of financial concerns has been the unforeseen dilemma these edifices impose on their host community: building them stimulates inflation—and thereby further agitates the deterioration of the central city, which further divides the poor from the middle and upper classes.

But what of the much touted benefits of the megastructures? They were intended as more than profit-making ventures for their investors: they were supposed to revive the central city. Generally, they draw people to the city no more successfully than they attract revenue.

It is understandable why mayors and businessmen would cling to anything that promised to stop the decentralization of downtown. The dwindling of population, retail trade, and jobs erodes the tax base. Those citizens left behind make bigger and bigger demands on the public treasury.

Billions have been spent in the United States to stem this flow from city to suburb. But despite the full-page ads and megastructural magnificence—or perhaps because of them—

William G. Conway, an urban affairs consultant, was formerly associated with Atlanta's architect-developer John C. Portman.

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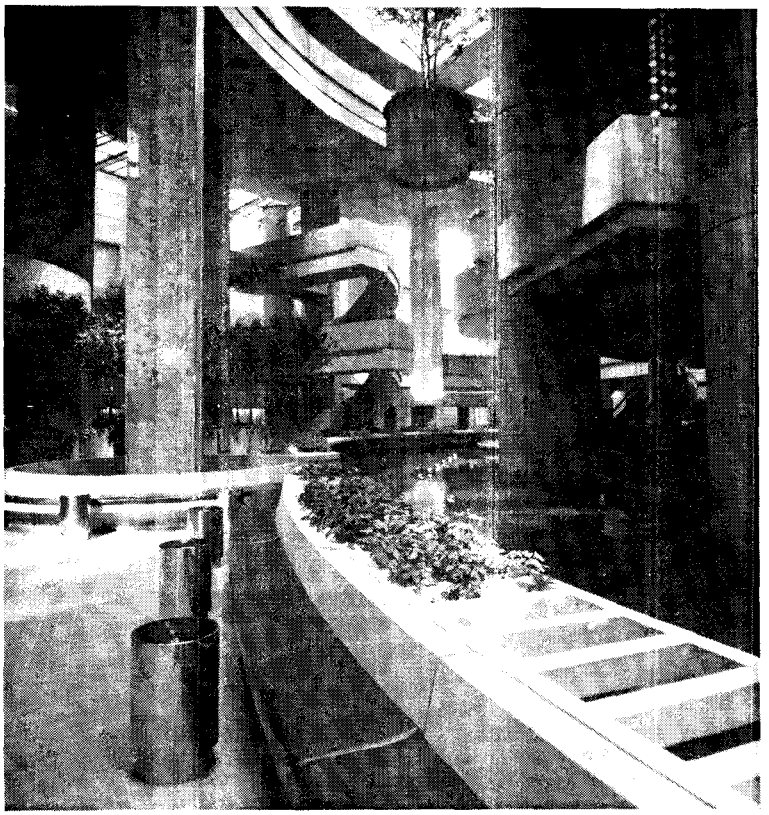

Courtesy of the Renaissance Center

Renaissance interior—"The street, traditional organizer of urban life, replaced by enclaves."

the exodus continues. Minneapolis, for example, after two decades of hard-selling of the city—including the IDS building—has lost more than a fifth of its population. In Atlanta and Los Angeles, both of which boast a great many of the mammoth complexes, researchers discovered that downtown patrons are usually "captive" central-city employees and transients.

Why? Because the megastructure enshrouds the creator's visions of a controlled environment. It respects neither the texture nor the geography of its surroundings. From the street, which the megastructure normally blind-sides with the exception of a grand entrance or two, the unrelieved boredom of whatever material is in vogue reveals the designer's hostility to the cities he professes to save.

Removed from the heights of their angular abstractions, we on the ground can bear witness to a few of the things the megastructures and their apostles have done to our cities. As Paul Goldberger, architecture critic for *The New York Times*, wrote recently about Renaissance Center (Detroit's answer to its severe case of the urban blues): "The . . . towers are set on a multi-story base, which turns a massive wall to the rest of the city. . . . It wants to stand alone, and fails to do the crucial thing that all good urban buildings do—relate carefully to what is around them."

Renaissance Center has so far cost $330 million, more or less. It is removed from and creates a barrier to most pedestrian movement, except for those inside, who enjoy the mazelike and private-cop-supervised rigors of what Goldberger calls the "conceptually . . . suburban development." Visitors to these projects are never in the city. They, and these projects, could be anywhere.

Meanwhile, in reaction to the street crime and sales erosion that these projects were supposed to end, department stores and jewelers are abandoning downtown—in Detroit, Baltimore, and elsewhere—for the suburbs, where cash registers tend to be open more often than they are closed.

Peter Wolf, in *The Future of the City*, writes that if the big-base megastructure trend continues, the existing city will be "closed out," and "the already perilous decline in the amenity offered by public spaces within the city" will be accelerated. The street, as the traditional organizer of urban life and design, will be replaced by enclaves.

ATLANTA exemplifies the curse of megastructuralism. The five huge architectural jewels in the South's queen city are transforming her crown into fool's gold. This reverse alchemy is laying waste the downtown areas *between* the megastructures. In so doing, it obeys the laws of economics now ignored by the projects' sponsors and by the city officials who clamor for more megastructures without first knowing the effects of those already constructed.

In 1960, Atlanta's "first class" office space was spread among 40-odd buildings, and much of this prime office space was centered near the heart of the business district, Five Points. Land values decreased rapidly as the distance from this intersection increased. Property ownership was fragmented; downtown lost the lead in office space and retail sales to the suburbs. Enter the megastructure.

It all begins with the land; and megastructures require acres in zones where property is measured in square feet. With one exception, the land acquired for Atlanta's renewal projects is on the fringe of the business district, between the peak of the land-value "pyramid" and its base. The focus of the center has thus been blurred. Other major acquisitions, for projects that may be abandoned, have also been made. The result is a previously unknown concentration of property ownership—at some distance from the traditional center—and the creation of several new and absurdly inflated "value pyramids."

Property in the vicinity of the $250 million Peachtree Center that traded for less than $10 per square foot in 1960 cannot be purchased for less than $50 per square foot this year. The pattern is repeated around the other acquisitions. If inflation this severe were experienced by the economy as a whole, it would be crippling. In downtown Atlanta, it has been most destructive to the small firms that hoped to incubate their calculations of prosperity in the warmth of large, accessible markets and cheap space. The cheap space is gone, and so are many of the small firms.

Big employers are also beginning to feel the pinch. The distributing firm of Beck and Gregg, one of downtown Atlanta's larger employers, has quietly declared its intention to leave for more efficient quarters. St. Joseph's Hospital has put its property on the market for $75 per square foot and is building new facilities 15 miles from downtown. Either to be closer to a better-trained labor force or to reduce costs, the South's largest bank, The Citizens and Southern National Bank, along with many insurance companies and airlines, has removed some computer operations and many office functions with high clerical requirements.

If only because of the real estate taxes they pay, the sponsors of megastructures acquire certain enduring political influence. The economic weight and the burden-sharing of the new real estate pyramids are not calculated in the environmental impact statements that breeze through city hall on the wings of political ambition. But in forgoing such concerns, the sponsors of these projects have permanently

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altered the social and economic ecology of downtown.

At the behest of megastructure owners, city officials plead with state and federal governments to build new highways and to install new anti-crime lights for the owners and their tenants—who, more often than not, no longer live in town and are even afraid to go there unless they can park within the walls of the megastructure. The well-lighted streets empty when they go home. Nevertheless, requests for rapid transit, people-movers, and other capital-consuming projects follow. The city, of course, tries to meet many of these demands, spending to its limits. Meanwhile, the needs of the underserved are relegated to lower and lower priorities.

"Every bank and insurance company with money wanted to get a piece of the developer's action in Atlanta," said a bank officer whose department placed over $100 million in real estate loans there during the Sixties. "We were under unbelievable pressure to get the money out, despite the fact that we had an inexperienced staff and only passing familiarity with the markets." A colleague, pondering his moribund portfolio of megastructure investments, commented that "lenders were too quick to elevate architects and developers from the status of manufacturers of space to visionaries."

The visionaries have secured more than one billion dollars from the lenders in the past 15 years. While that sum was being invested in downtown Atlanta, employment there remained almost steady—in the range of 80,000 jobs. And while "upward" shifts in the composition of employment occurred, the changes have not been sufficient to justify the hot-market monuments to hope.

Atlanta and many other cities now have a surplus of office space that can be expected to last five to seven years. The average size of new office buildings has trebled. Seven projects account for over half of Atlanta's downtown office space. After three years of leasing efforts, the megastructures' shopping arcades are little more than half full. Tenants are complaining. As for hotels, Donald Ratajczak, Atlanta's leading economic forecaster, has said that the city built three (averaging 1,000 rooms apiece) when it needed only one.

The dismal economic performance of these projects has put the lenders squarely in a role they do not relish. Lenders are now actively involved in the financial administration of four of Atlanta's five megastructures.

Economies of scale are an important tenet of the developers' faith. Build one more big one, believers say; revitalization is around the corner. But if Atlanta builds another, its promised land of urban salvation may be populated solely by the megastructuralists and their bankers, waving to each other through see-through floors, elevated from the parking lots and abandoned blocks that await the next vote of confidence in downtown.

A block north of Peachtree Center is a group of buildings once leased by firms that designed stores, did printing, fixed teeth, sold books, served cheap food, repaired cars. These firms have been replaced by one of the few tenant types that will not be admitted to the megastructures—porn shops. The new tenants will pay whatever rent is asked. They are now the object of outbursts of civic virtue and midnight raids.

The property near Omni International is not as expensive as the stuff up on Peachtree Street. It is much emptier, though. Marietta Street, connecting the Omni with Coca-Cola's world headquarters, wends its way through a series of largely unoccupied industrial structures that for years housed several key employers of those Atlantans who lived near the center of the city. These buildings now provide shelter for itinerant winos while they polish off shared pints of scuppernong before heading out to huddle in the next building down the block. The land the winos stand on sells for $20 per square foot, compared with $5 per square foot for the industrial property in a suburban zone that has increased its employment 630 percent in the past 15 years.

Two other concentrations of small businesses, close to or at the center of downtown, were removed primarily for aesthetic considerations. Most of these firms provided a variety of goods and services to bus riders who, because of the route structure, transferred nearby. But in the past three years, the buildings containing many more than 200 of these establishments have been torn down by the wrecker's ball.

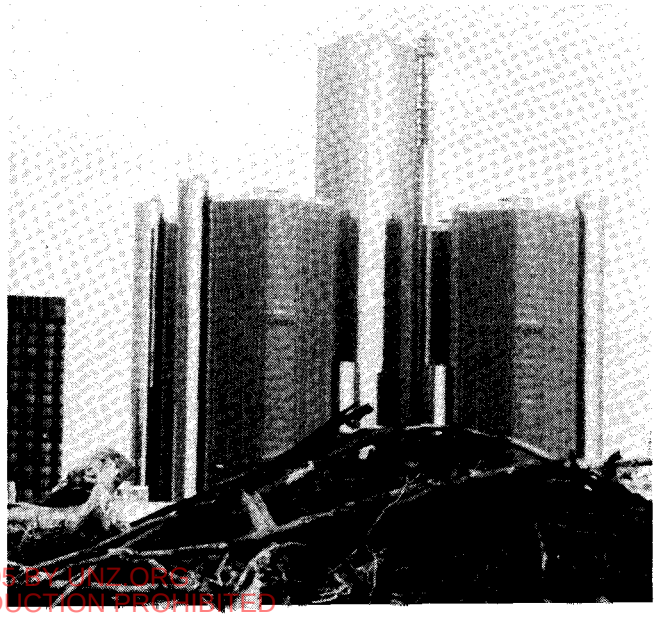
On one site, a sterile park now gives photogenic prominence to the bank from which flowed the funds that purchased the parkland. The other site, presently a fenced-in pit, is comically straddled by a five-and-dime, the only retail tenant on the block that has a listing in Standard and Poor's. Gone is the bebop and diddy-wah from the record stores, the fragrance of the peanut stand, the harsh colors of the Day-Glo socks hung amid the sundries of no name. When the city's mass transit system is completed, this land will be the site of yet another plaza on which some developer will be granted "air rights" to build yet another rebuttal to the "Towering Inferno."

The customers that frequented the now vanished establishments were the people who, in the words of Central Atlanta Progress, an establishment-backed planning group, caused "racial imbalance on the streets," from which the megastructures were supposed to be a refuge. The stores themselves once offered goods and services not found on North Michigan Avenue or Fifth Avenue or Rodeo Drive, elite streets that the megastructures attempt to emulate in their self-contained, monocultural ambience.

Atlanta, which in the premegastructure era billed itself as "the city too busy to hate," is now hyperbolically "the city without limits." Perhaps there is still time for that city, and for the other cities that have fallen under the spell of the megastructure shamans, to demonstrate that it is not "too big to care" about the essential destructiveness of these lumbering urban dinosaurs. ◉

View from the ashes—" 'It fails to do the crucial thing . . . relate to what is around it.' "

Allen Green/Visual Departures



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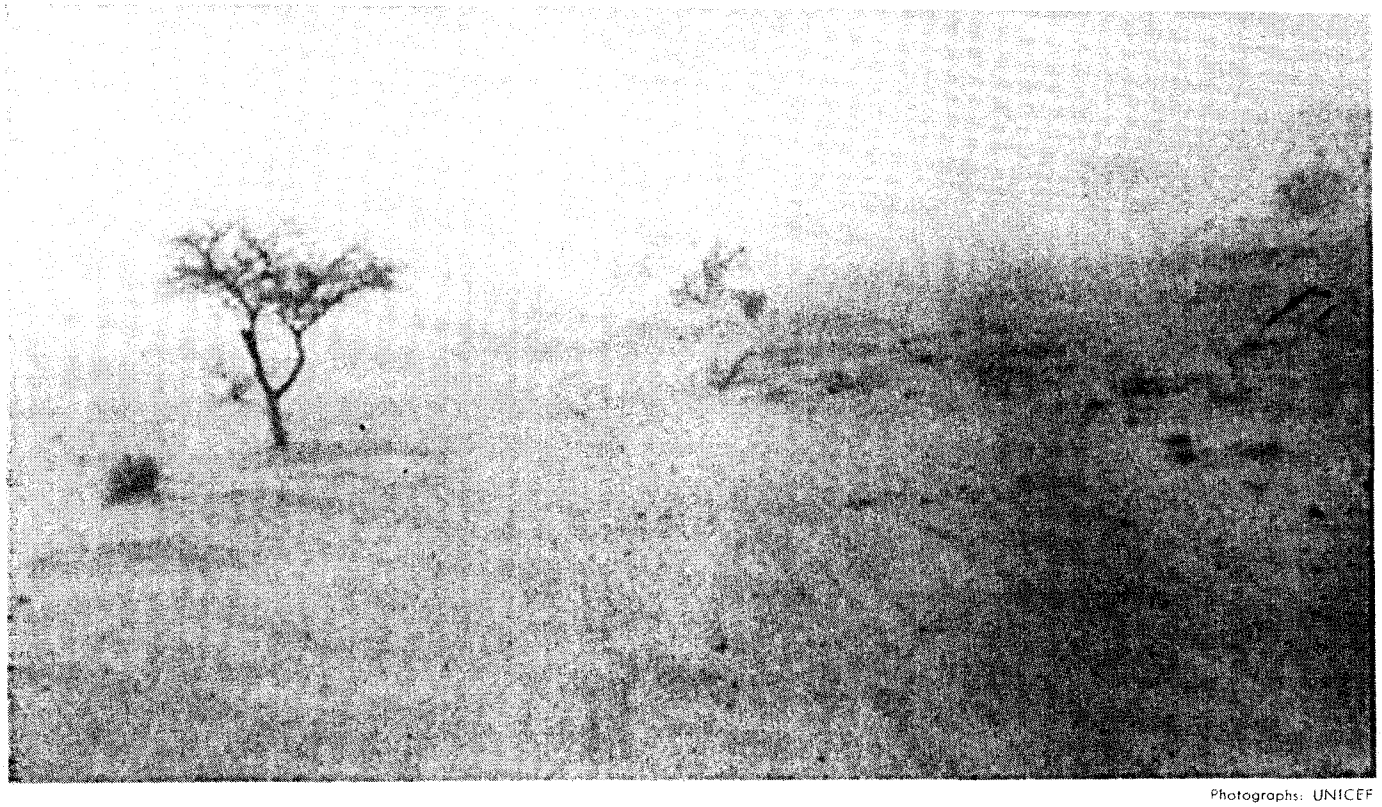

Photographs: UNICEF

The Politics of Water

Suddenly a strategic raw material, water is provoking political passions worldwide

by Bruce Handler

Mar del Plata, Argentina

TRY to imagine these stories on newspaper front pages in the not-so-distant future:

• The National Guard is called out in Washington State and Idaho to prevent further shootings and incidents of sabotage involving desperate, drought-plagued farmers. Idahoans claim that Washington, which has undertaken massive cloud seeding to produce rain, is drying out all the good clouds before they drift eastward over the state line.

• Argentina is angered by the soil erosion and declining farm fertility in its once rich Paraná River valley. It lays the blame on Brazil, which built Itaipu Dam, the world's largest hydroelectric plant, across the upper Paraná on its border with Paraguay—above Argentine territory. Argentina unveils its secretly developed atom bomb and blows up the dam.

• Enraged nationalists storm the American embassy in Mexico City, as sympathetic local soldiers and policemen stand aside. Mexico is distraught over the reduced volume and high salt content of irrigation water from the Colorado "River" that finally trickles over its border after being dammed and diverted in the United States. There was once a bilateral treaty guaranteeing Mexico an adequate and nonsaline supply of Colorado River water; but voters in the drought-stricken U.S. Southwest have pressured Congress into revoking it so they could keep more of the river's discharge for themselves.

• Dictator Idi Amin of Uganda—whose pride is wounded because other African leaders did not invite him to a regional summit conference—shuts off the water flow from Owen Falls Dam, in Ugandan territory, where Lake Victoria empties into the headwaters of the Nile River. Sudan, Egypt, Zaire, and Ethiopia are immediately faced with a critical shortage of irrigation water. Lake Victoria, moreover, rises rapidly, flooding shore communities in Kenya and Tanzania.

The common element in these scenarios is, of course, water. Once considered by many as something that simply was "there," water is now coming to be regarded as an internationally strategic raw material—subject to economic exploitation and capable of provoking political passion and even war.

According to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, the world "has tended to underestimate the crucial role of this vital and vulnerable resource." Or as Menahem Kantor, the water commissioner of Israel, puts it diplomatically, "The era of free water is rapidly coming to an end."

The facts show that Kantor's statement is, unfortunately, true. The total volume of water available for use on this planet is fixed; it cannot be changed. Governments and people can alter its location and form, and they can also

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pollute it or clean it up. But the total supply remains the same.

The amount of water in the world that is conveniently available for direct human use—in lakes, rivers, swamps, reasonably shallow wells, and in the atmosphere as rain and snow—adds up to less than 1 percent of the total. A full 97.3 percent of the earth's water is salty. Of the remaining 2.7 percent—our fresh water—four-fifths is frozen solid in remote glaciers and polar ice caps.

The world's freshwater supply is being polluted at the rate of 2 percent a year. Meanwhile, population is increasing by nearly 2 percent a year.

THREE-QUARTERS of the world's rural people and one-fifth of its city dwellers don't have ready access to drinkable water. Water-linked diseases such as malaria, sleeping sickness, schistosomiasis (a severe parasitic ailment that causes urinary and intestinal bleeding), and a bizarre African malady known as river blindness lead to the incredible total of 10 million deaths a year. Many countries, especially poor ones, now realize that water is a key to development and, consequently, a powerful political force.

Even in countries that have sufficient water, it is becoming increasingly difficult to lay down unified policies for taking the best advantage of available supplies. Internal political battles are erupting among economic interests representing industry, agriculture, personal consumption, transportation, recreation, and environmental protection.

The cost of effectively solving the world's freshwater-supply problems from now until 1990 is estimated at about $80 billion. No one can say, realistically, where this money is going to come from.

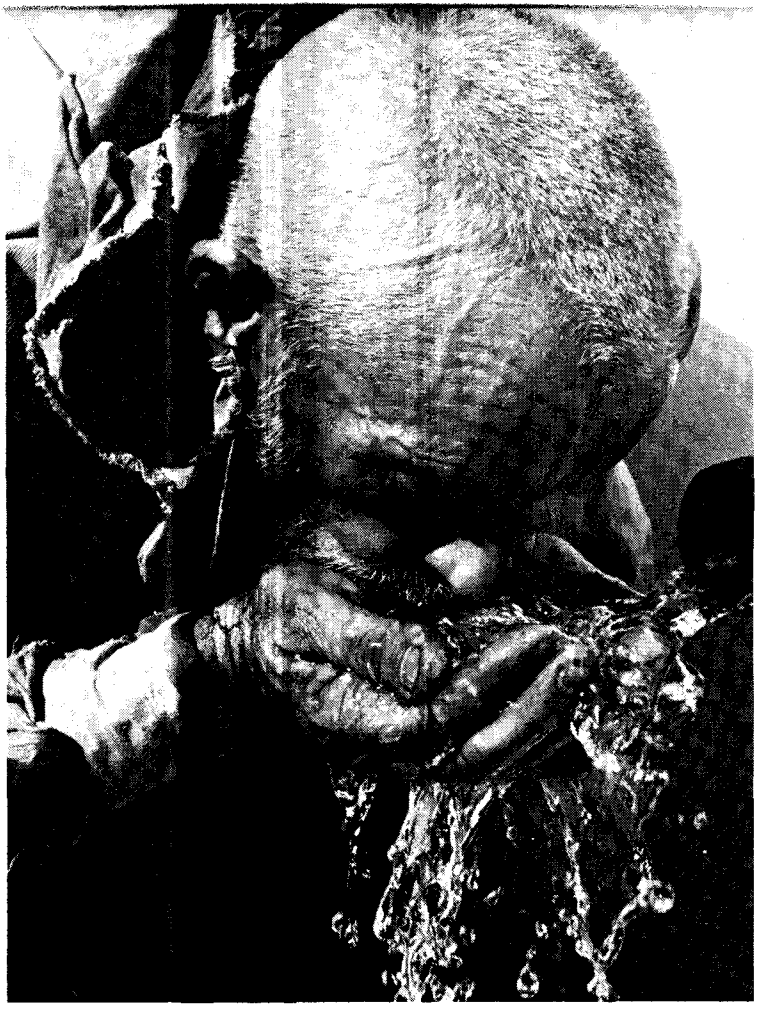
Representatives from 116 countries and 70 outside organizations (running the gamut from the United Nations of Yoga to the International Chamber of Commerce) gathered here recently under U.N. auspices to ponder and debate the worldwide water situation.

The U.N. Water Conference was the first major international meeting ever to tackle this issue. The focus of the conference was supposed to be technical. Delegates, observers, and more than 300 newsmen were asked to try to grasp the significance of dozens of seemingly arcane papers that were submitted for consideration. (Sample titles: "Water Supply for the Helsinki Metropolitan Area," "Snow Surveys in the Argentine Andes," "State and Methodology of Groundwater Investigations in Poland.")

But in spite of efforts by organizers of the meeting to restrict discussion to specific water issues—in order to avoid ideological shouting matches—the underlying international political tension quickly surfaced.

Delegates from Third World countries, such as Algeria, charged that generalized economic exploitation on the part of the world's rich, industrialized countries is the real reason why hundreds of millions of people in poor nations don't have enough water and are suffering from debilitating water-linked diseases.

Other accusations were more specific. The head of the Vietnamese delegation, for example, said that the United States had caused a serious setback to his country's water development program by bombing dikes, irrigation canals, and pumping stations during the war. The Palestine Liberation Organization, attending the conference as an observer,



Diabate

Bringing fresh water to rural Afghanistan—"Three-quarters of the world's rural people and one-fifth of its city dwellers lack access to drinkable water."

said Israel's diversion of Jordan River tributaries (for desert irrigation) deprives the Palestinians of water that is rightfully theirs. And the delegation from the United Arab Emirates called for a change in the name of the Persian Gulf, arguing that the present name implies Iranian domination of the area.

The problems discussed at the conference, in short, were as numerous as they were diverse. In contrast, the solutions offered to them seem to converge toward an evolving, commonly held "water philosophy": Efficient management of existing water supplies is eminently more effective than the frantic search for new ones—a search that frequently involves technological schemes that are, more often than not, impractically futuristic.

Some of these more elaborate solutions to regional water shortage include towing icebergs from the Arctic to the Sahara; draining a swamp near the source of the Nile—a swamp as large as the whole of England—in order to provide irrigation water; and diverting several major rivers in Siberia to make them flow south toward populated areas instead of north toward uninhabited tundra as they do now. Experts say, however, that our scientific knowledge extends only so far as performing these tasks; no one has any idea just what their effects—on land, water, and even weather—would be.

Less dramatic applications of technology can also have negative effects. Big dams and reclamation projects often do

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not bring about the higher standard of living that their supporters promise; instead, they can cause erosion, increase the spread of disease, and even induce earthquakes.

Some countries represented at the conference have, in fact, already begun the task of conserving the water available to them rather than getting it from somewhere else. Water-short Israel, for example, has encouraged the development of no-leak plumbing fixtures and a special toilet that uses 40 percent less water per flush than conventional ones do. Such ostensibly minor actions can have a major impact: many large cities now lose 30 percent to 50 percent of their fresh water because of plumbing leakage and other waste.

This new "think small" approach was enthusiastically supported by the U.S. delegation to the Water Conference, the first official U.S. mission to attend an important international meeting under the Carter administration.

The chairman of the 25-member group was Charles H. Warren, an ecology-minded former California state assemblyman who heads the White House Council on Environmental Quality. A staunch supporter of attacking the water problem by using existing sources more efficiently, Warren emphasized the importance of discouraging people from settling in areas where water is in short supply. He cited Los Angeles as a good—or rather, a bad—example: "The people in L.A. don't realize they're living on top of a desert."

Warren could have cited a much more dramatic example—the Sahel, or sub-Sahara, region of Africa. A spurt of water-well drilling there led to rising economic expectations, a population influx, and the mass clearing of land to create cattle pastures. All that is now thought to have triggered the

Water, Water Everywhere....

In spite of the emphasis at the U.N. Water Conference on the conservation and more efficient management of existing water supplies—as opposed to the development of new ones—there was still some discussion of so-called "nonconventional" ways of getting more water.

These exotic methods, which kept the press happily supplied with zingy leads for what reporters had feared would be dull stories, deserve mention even though they are not expected to be pursued on a large scale in the immediate future.

Here are some examples:

Desalinization: The fact that more than 95 percent of the earth's water is in the oceans has always made the desalting of seawater seem to be a future solution to the world's water problems. But so far, this method of producing fresh water has turned out to be extremely expensive. Desalinization plants require tremendous amounts of electric energy, and at today's high fuel prices the cost becomes prohibitive. Understandably, the country most advanced in desalinization technology is Kuwait—which can afford it. Saudi Arabia plans to spend $5 billion during the next five years on desalting plants.

Weather modification: Several countries, particularly the United States, have been experimenting for years with seeding clouds with chemicals to make them produce rain over dry regions as well as snow over mountains for subsequent river runoff. Progress has been extremely slow. Experts say there is still a lot they don't understand about cloud physics. There does seem to be general agreement, though, that cloud seeding doesn't work in areas that are naturally very dry.

Evaporation reduction: The United States, Israel, Chile, and Italy have covered lakes with artificial substances to try to slow down the rate of evaporation and thus retain more water. Floating polystyrene spheres and plastic rafts that reflect the sun's rays skyward have been used with some success. But there are some major bugs: these coverings get knocked around by the wind and waves, and there is evidence that they prevent essential oxygen from reaching the water beneath them.

Remote sensing: The World Meteorological Organization, a U.N. agency, is coordinating research on the use of photography, radar, and ultraviolet and infrared scanning from orbital satellites and airplanes to discover accessible but undetected groundwater. This work is in the early experimental stage. Satellite and high-level atmospheric monitoring of high-altitude winds and the jet stream is also being carried out in an attempt to forecast droughts.

Nuclear techniques: Radioactive isotopes such as tritium and carbon-14 are being used to trace groundwater movement between watersheds and their surrounding rivers and lakes. But this is an expensive and sophisticated process and much research remains to be done.

Long-distance bulk transport: Norway, which has a particularly excessive freshwater runoff, is toying with the idea of building mammoth nylon or polyester containers that could be filled with more than 250 million gallons of water each and then towed by tugboats to countries where water is scarce. Since fresh water has a lower density than seawater, the huge tanks would float and could be hauled across oceans with relative ease. This scheme, too, is still on the drawing boards.

Solar pumps: Research is going on into the possibility of developing a cheap, efficient solar cell that could run small water pumps in remote Third World villages. Solar cells that convert the sun's rays into electricity are already in use in American and Soviet space projects, but they are far too expensive at present to be adapted for everyday use on earth—especially in poor, water-short countries. The United States, Mexico, and some countries in Africa's Sahel drought belt are seeking ways to bring down solar-power costs.

Icebergs: When will the world's deserts and drought areas get those icebergs everybody's been talking about? It probably won't be for a long time, because delegates to the Water Conference did not take this possibility seriously. An Argentine representative did remark, though: "Tow icebergs from the Arctic? Oh, really, please. That is a bit out of the question. Now then, if you want to consider icebergs from the Antarctic, where Argentina has a naval station. . . ." —B. H.

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southward spread of the Sahara and to have made the recent devastating drought that occurred in the Sahel much worse, in terms of human suffering, than it might have been if people in the affected countries had not been encouraged to move to an ecologically fragile environment. The Sahel can support human settlement, agriculture, and ranching, experts agree, but only if a reasonable number of people live there and tap the groundwater under controlled conditions.

Warren went on to criticize land speculators who aggravate "the development psychosis" in the United States by actually encouraging people to overburden the environment. Local zoning officials, he said, have permitted cities and suburbs throughout the nation to expand onto floodplains, where the land is flat and loamy, and often conveniently located. "It is understandable why people are attracted to these areas," Warren said, "but they usually change their minds when the hundred-year flood comes along." The facts underscore Warren's indignation: more than $10 billion has been spent in the United States on flood control, but annual property losses from flooding have nevertheless increased—a result of heavy population density on dangerous turf.

But amid the conflict, confusion, and criticism, a genuine sense of international cooperation managed, somehow, to surface. Many nations have finally realized that water is fluid: it respects no border lines, and it cannot be divvied up and handled in parts, according to the whim of one nation or another. The United States and Canada have, for example, joined to clean up the Great Lakes. They are even making progress with Lake Erie, which was once on its way to becoming the world's largest open cesspool. West Germany, Austria, and Switzerland have been successful in controlling the pollution of beautiful Lake Constance in the Alps. Norway, Finland, and the Soviet Union are using Lake Inari—located in its entirety within the borders of Finland—to best suit the economic needs of all three nations.

No one can deny that water is fast becoming—like oil, like energy—a vital and thus strategic component of the world's economic and geopolitical scene. Those who participated in the U.N. Water Conference agreed that the meeting produced no giant step for mankind; just a small step for man. Still, it was a step in the right direction—a step toward solving the water shortage now, while it is still a problem and not yet a catastrophe. ◉

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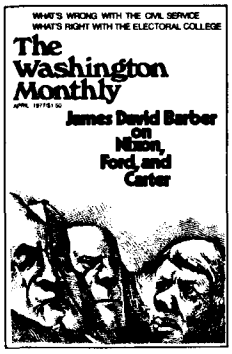
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Land of the Free

The Empire of Reason: How Europe Imagined and America Realized the Enlightenment
by Henry Steele Commager
Anchor Press, 360 pp., $10

Reviewed by W. Warren Wagar

WRITING nearly a century ago, Lord Bryce found in America "no struggles between privileged and unprivileged orders, not even that perpetual strife of rich and poor which is the oldest disease of civilized states." He observed that social distinctions had, indeed, begun to emerge at long last, "but for political purposes classes scarcely exist." Everything that government could give the poor man he already possessed, leaving him "nothing to fight for."

Now comes Henry Steele Commager into the court of world history, to make the case, all over again, for America as a shining land of freedom and equality. He draws on the same contrasts between European aristocracy and American democracy that once inspired Bryce and such other celebrated nineteenth-century European observers of the American scene as Alexis de Tocqueville. Ostensibly, *The Empire of Reason* is a discussion of how the young Republic translated the utopian ideals of the European Enlightenment into political reality. In fact, it is a sprightly panegyric, a belated Bicentennial birthday present to America. Commager's love for her warms every page. At seventy-five, he remains an eloquent spokesman of what younger historians like to call "consensus history."

The consensus history of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Louis Hartz, Daniel Boorstin, and the Henry Steele Commager of *The Empire of Reason* was originally a product of the era of liberal good feelings generated by the New Deal, but in a real sense it has done little more than revive the much older image of American democracy made classic by De Tocqueville. Both, in turn, go back to one of the favorite conceits of the eighteenth-century Founding Fathers—that the Republic had replaced European tyranny based on privilege with an American liberty based on popular rule.

It is all dream stuff, wild and intoxicating, but like all dreams, it does bear a relationship of sorts to the real world. It is also a richly detailed dream. Commager spares us none of the familiar arguments. America—at least the America of the Enlightenment and the Revolution—was a land of equal opportunity for all. By "all" Commager hastens to confess that he means "all white males." But still, this was a mighty achievement. All white males had equal access to political power, and all citizens belonged "in effect" to the same class. The politicians of the Republic were men of affairs, hay-pitching farmers, practical men who sprang from the rank and file.

Commager contends that despite various formal property requirements most adult white males were not prevented from participating in the electoral process, even in the eighteenth century. Virtually every adult white male could, in fact, vote. And not just in New England or Pennsylvania. By 1785, even Virginia allowed "a substantial majority of all white men" to cast ballots. Most of them did. The image of the Old Dominion as "an aristocratic state dominated by a low-country planter class" is therefore false. But the assumption that a mass electorate means authentic popular rule is something Commager conveniently neglects to challenge.

HE GOES on. America was not a rerun of Europe, but something breathtakingly new, a land where white men and women were truly free to live as they pleased. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, "the supreme stroke of genius" of the American Con-

ABC

Henry Steele Commager—"Sets about his work with enormous zest."

W. Warren Wagar, professor of history at SUNY, Binghamton, is author of World Views: A Study in Comparative History, *to be published in June by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.*

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stitution, made federalism work as well in America as it had worked badly in Europe. Although not free of conflicting interests, America produced leaders who saw, "as by a kind of instinct, that the price of nationhood was not to distinguish and divide but to reconcile and unite." They prevented the institutionalization of conflicting interests by discovering ways of weakening and blurring such interests and providing in their place various "common denominators." Hence the New World was indeed new. It began innocent of traditions, "rooted not in the exhausted soil of some remote past, but in the virgin land of a new continent."

Commager reaches one of his highest peaks of patriotic euphoria in his contrasting of the American and Spanish styles of governing hinterlands:

> What a difference when you repudiate all the false notions of Empire, the pernicious shibboleths of Authority, the pomp and circumstance of Power, and embrace the simple principle of equality! A viceroy of New Spain like Antonio Bucarela, and the first Governor of the Northwest Territory, Arthur St. Clair, ruled over domains equally extensive, and on paper they had much the same authority, but contrast their state, their repute, their dignity—and their rewards! The Viceroy had, as of right, a sumptuous palace; the Governor had to content himself with a log cabin. The Viceroy was surrounded by a swarm of servants, who ministered to his every whim, and [was] sustained by a staff, who took on all of his most arduous duties, but Governor St. Clair had neither servants nor staff, though he was vouchsafed, by a niggardly government, a few deputies and interpreters to deal with a score of far-flung Indian tribes. . . . The Viceroy ended his life loaded with honors, and with wealth, but St. Clair ended his career in bankruptcy, and his life in abject poverty.

It is impossible, sometimes, to resist the infectious cheeriness of this deanly figure in American historiography. Commager sets about his work with enormous zest, and his chapters teem with well-considered examples of every generalization. He has provided no merely graceful essay, but a work of considerable erudition, supported by a great stack of notes. There are delightful vignettes of some of the lesser-known worthies of both the European and American Enlightenments, men such as Joseph Banks and Manasseh Cutler. The suggestive passages on the comparative history of the Enlightenment itself that dominate the first few chapters deserve high praise. Apart from the work of Peter Gay and one or two others, all too little has been done in recent decades in the comparative history of ideas and world views.

Yet Commager is forced by his strategies to ignore much that cannot be safely ignored. The unwary reader might come away, for example, with no idea that English North America was created in good measure by patriarchs of the English Reformation. The values of the Reformation and the utopian visions of the English Civil War did at least as much to shape the Republic as anything emanating from the continental Enlightenment, and probably far more. At one point, Commager himself admits that the Founding Fathers owed a heavier debt to the Puritans (and to "the great Mr. Locke") than to all the philosophes put together.

A more serious strain is placed on credibility by Commager's distorted reading of early American democracy. The America of the Revolutionary era lacked a high aristocracy on the European model, and also a low peasantry (with the monumental exception of her black slaves), but to take American self-images at face value and speak of a classless, strifeless, churchless civil society is to speak folly. Americans did not bother to write utopias, says Commager, "because America was itself Utopia."

Come now! Americans did not bother to write utopias because they seldom bothered to write anything in the eighteenth century, whether philosophy or belles lettres. They lacked the leisure and the training. But their glorious New World was constructed of European materials, imported on the same ships that brought the bodies of the settlers. The only thing new about it was its rather startling anticipation of some of the forms and structures of modern bourgeois democracy, made possible by the absence of a high aristocracy and a low peasantry. In advance of Europe, it was able to install the rule of men of property rather than of blood.

It did the job so well and so thoroughly that the Republic is now in danger of emulating ancient China. Like the China of the Ch'in and Han dynasties, which unified eastern Asia so well and so thoroughly that the resultant imperial edifice was strong enough to resist fundamental change for millennia, the Republic has become such a classical bourgeois democracy that she may miss the opportunity to effect further historical transformations, and perish from sheer "perfection." One hopes not, but thickly gilded visions of our past like *The Empire of Reason* will do nothing to urge us forward. ◉

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Books

The Wayward Vision

The Gentle Barbarian: The Life and Work of Turgenev
by V. S. Pritchett
Random House, 244 pp., $10

Reviewed by Helen Muchnic

V. S. Pritchett is the most cosmopolitan of literary critics. His range is broad, and he is always at home in the work he is writing about, whatever its place of origin, language, or century. Books, his familiar companions, appear to him as images of their creators, and since he himself is a practiced artist and a tolerant, amused, curious observer of men, he likes to detect a writer's individuality in his work and to examine the special quality of his skill. His approach is essentially humanistic, and he writes with unassuming wisdom, perceptiveness, and charm.

Russian is not one of his languages. But he knows Russian literature well and is clearly fond of it. Its major figures, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gogol, and even its less well-known writers, such as Lermontov, Goncharov, Shchedrin, Aksakov, are in his good books, and he has had illuminating things to say about all of them. But the present study is, I believe, the most extensive he has done on a Russian writer so far. It is, he says, "a portrait," and his purpose in doing it has been "to enlarge the understanding of [Turgenev's] superb short stories and novels and to explore the interplay of what is known about his life with his art." Acknowledging gratefully and handsomely the English and French sources he has used, he makes no claim to new discoveries or startling revelations. He does not need to. The portrait he draws is fresh, engaging, and alive; it is as if he had granted us the privilege of meeting a good friend of his, a gifted man whom he admires.

With his own fine skill as a novelist, Pritchett knows how to give life to places

Helen Muchnic is professor emeritus of Russian literature at Smith College and the author of Dostoevsky's English Reputation; An Introduction to Russian Literature; From Gorky to Pasternak; *and* Russian Writers: Notes and Essays.

"Where's the action in this town?"

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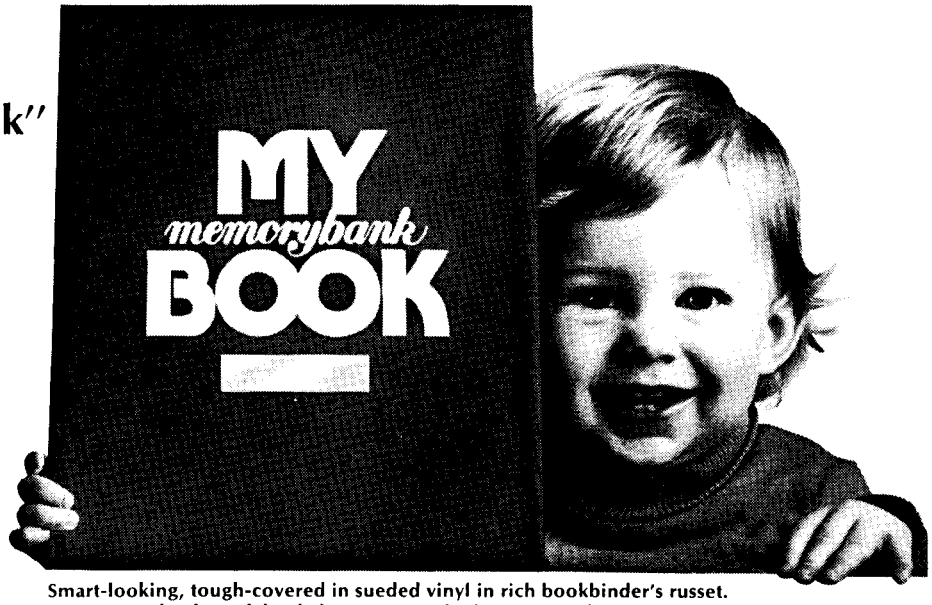

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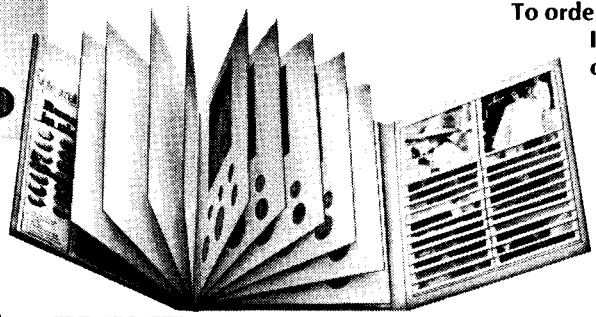

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and people and bring them home to us. For example, he sketches Orel, the city in which Turgenev was born in 1818, as if he had been there himself: the merchants' "dull stone houses," the stink of "rush mats and cabbage" in the marketplace, "the pillared mansion of the Governor," the "odd turrets" on the houses of the gentry, "the young trees" dying on the promenade, the artisans in sheepskin coats. And beyond Orel, "the monotonous countryside" with bad roads over which the gentry traveled in "remarkable processions" when they migrated "from their town houses to their estates," like the Turgenevs on their way to Spasskoye. "The family coach of the Turgenevs was a heavy vehicle drawn by a team of six horses on the eighty-mile journey. A lackey sat on a mat on the rear step holding on by a rope and was either spattered with mud or choked by the clouds of dust. After the coach came a string of inferior carriages and carts carrying luggage and servants."

That small, graphic detail about the lackey, so casually slipped in, prepares one for the grim picture of serfdom at Spasskoye and introduces the crucial element that was to shape Turgenev's life and give direction to his work. Natural, unforced, and chosen for its suggestive power, it is characteristic of Pritchett's understated method of narration. Spasskoye, the estate associated with Turgenev's name as Yasnaya Polyana is with Tolstoy's, has become a legendary symbol of tyranny in pre-emancipation Russia; and Varvara Petrovna, Turgenev's mother, who ruled over it, has always been presented as a kind of gorgon of unbridled cruelty. Pritchett, without denying the legend or minimizing the horror, has made Varvara Petrovna understandable as a human being—brutal, unscrupulous, vindictive, and malicious, but a human being nonetheless. She is one of his masterly portraits, psychologically acute and as vivid as his landscapes. Here is our first glimpse of her, at the time of Turgenev's birth:

> He was her second son. She was a very rich, trim but ugly young woman, in her early thirties, fond of dress, six years older than her husband, an almost penniless and handsome young cavalry officer who had been forced by his relations to marry her for her money.

And presently, along with a full and unmitigated account of her tyranny, there is also a revelation of the profound injuries that she herself had suffered and that had formed her character. Thus the portrait of the sinister and frightening woman is tinged with pity in a way that tempers, in some measure, the disgust and loathing she inspires.

Pritchett is the detached, though passionately interested, observer for whom to understand is more important than to judge. It is understanding, first and foremost, that one gains from his book, understanding of individuals in themselves, of their emotional relationships with one another, of their influence on one another, and primarily, of course, understanding of how various elements were brought to bear on Turgenev's work. A novelist's flair and sensitivity to the subtleties of human entanglements is especially valuable in the study of a man like Turgenev, who was unusually responsive to others, whose emotions were always deeply involved and seldom gratified, who seemed all his life to have submitted to or struggled against the dominance of others—in childhood, of his mother; in early youth, of his university friends Stankevich, Belinsky, Bakunin; and for most of his life, from the age of twenty-five until his death 40 years later, of the celebrated diva Pauline Viardot. Pritchett, who possesses this sensitivity in full measure, is able to feel both the pathos and the courage of Turgenev's life (nor does he miss its occasional comedy); to discern the steadiness at the core of his malleable nature and the tough independence of his impressionable mind, excited by a variety of dogmas but working out its own solutions; to perceive how objective and astute were the observations of this self-pitying hypochondriac.

With no ax to grind, no cause to plead, no aesthetic doctrine to promote, Pritchett can explain why Turgenev went back and forth between Russia and Europe and what each of them meant to him, without trying to define him as either a Westernist or a Slavophile; can enter into his sentimental attachments without prying into his unconscious; and can appreciate the quality and variety of his work without pigeonholing or labeling it. When he compares Turgenev to other writers it is not for the purpose of assigning him to a special niche in the hierarchy of Russian

" 'Comandments' is misspelled."

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letters, as is so often done, but in order to capture and define as precisely as possible the distinguishing quality of his art. "There are two masters of seeing in Russian literature," he writes, "Tolstoy and Turgenev. Tolstoy sees exactly as if he were an animal or a bird; and what he sees is still and settled for good. He has the pride of the eye. Turgenev is also exact but without that decisive pride; what he sees is already changing." From Gogol, Turgenev differs in being always an observer, a spectator, an outsider. "He sought to tell the observable truth; Gogol went on into sly wild journeys of fancy beyond it." Turgenev is objective, but, unlike Zola, with his absolute commitment to documentary realism, he knows how to *suggest* the inside of what he describes from the outside. "In the manner of the greatest artists, he contrives to make us feel that people should be seen as self-justified themselves."

THE whole book scintillates with such comments as these. They appear severally in discussions of individual works, but as one advances through the story, they seem to coalesce in a pattern that emerges through them, the pattern of Turgenev's artistic development and of the emotional attitudes and intellectual predispositions that his stories and novels embody. That fluidity of the observed, that catching of the moment in the process of change that has impressed Pritchett is seen by him to evolve from the child's to the man's habit of looking at things and, combined with confirmed modes of feeling and dominant convictions about life and fate, to mark the artist's mature creations with the stamp that we recognize as distinctively his.

Pritchett quotes a sentence from "Byezhin Meadow"—"The moon at last had risen: I did not notice it at first: it was a tiny crescent"—and comments, "How naturally he catches the moment between noticing and not noticing. This, one says, is where his art lies; not simply in seeing, but in the waywardness and the timelessness of seeing," and then proceeds to the comparison with Tolstoy that I have already quoted. He writes movingly of how this "waywardness and timelessness of seeing" began:

> Watching was a necessity and an amusement. Very early he stared at faces and learned to read the moods and history that were built into them; and when, for self-preservation, he could get away he went out into hiding places in the gardens and the woods to watch the things of nature build *their* history, from minute to differing minute: to gaze at a leaf or a bird waiting for it to move, to listen to the differing sounds of his boots as he walked over leaves, over grass, through hemp fields, to notice every change of light and shadow and the movements of cloud in the sky as the moments of the morning or the afternoon passed.

This intensity of observation, which was the core of Turgenev's precision and detachment and of that sense of "equilibrium and balance" that he derived from what "he saw at the heart of Nature," was reinforced by the emotional experience of unfulfillment that throbs and echoes throughout his work in notes of pathos that are its special music. In speaking of *A House of Gentlefolk*, Pritchett conveys this unfulfillment with much feeling:

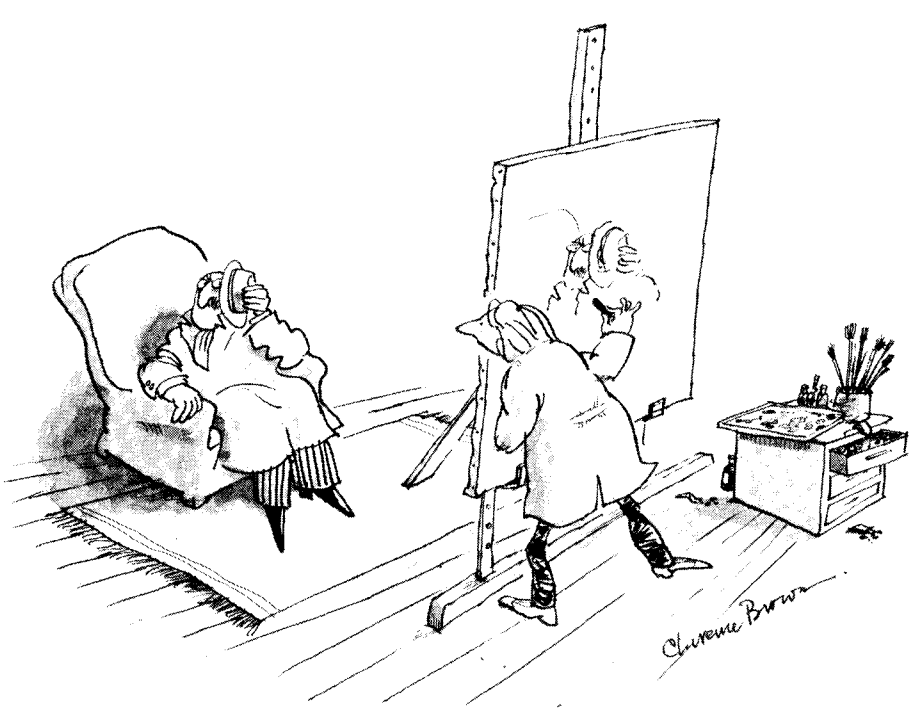
> The last chapter recalls those scenes in Chekhov's plays where passing cries of happiness are unbearable and make us weep. . . . We dab our eyes and then it strikes us again that Turgenev himself is moved by the rise and fall of love and not by the fullness of love realised. Hail and farewell. Spring and autumn. No high summer of fulfillment. Therefore no tragedy, only sadness. The pessimism of Turgenev is absolute.

Elsewhere he notes that by contrast to Dostoevsky, who "believed in free will," Turgenev was a determinist, whose "people live under fate. Or rather one says again that time flows through them: they do not drive blindly forward through time."

The central experience of Turgenev's unfulfillment, his attachment to Pauline Viardot, which, depending on one's interpretation, was either the cause or the symbol or the confirmation of Turgenev's inveterate sadness, is as fascinating a story as that of any psychological novel. Pritchett has done justice to its intricacies of passion and friendship, dejection and delight, solace and pain; and he has told it with delicacy, insight, and good sense, without exaggeration or sensationalism.

The title of the book is taken from the *Goncourt Journals*' description of Turgenev: "*le doux géant, l'aimable barbare.*" The gentleness was in himself and in his art. The barbarism was Russia's. It was his "central preoccupation." He wanted to establish "the idea of civilization . . . and the autonomy of art in a country that, for him, had been barbarous or inert for centuries." Thence the perpetual contrast between Europe and Russia in his work; thence those Russian heroes in his novels who import Western books and ideas, or live in exile, or die on the barricades in France. He was "a detached diagnostician," essentially apolitical, but *Fathers and Sons* raised a storm; and, as Pritchett says with reference to *Virgin Soil*, Turgenev's last novel, "The political perspicacity of Turgenev is astonishing, and now that the state of our world has changed, it seems closer to our political experience than it was to English admirers of Turgenev in 1900. . . ."

Larger, more detailed biographies of Turgenev have been written, but there is none, I think, more graceful, sensitive, and appreciative than this one. ◉



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Our First Hero of the Landscape

Park-Maker: A Life of Frederick Law Olmsted
by Elizabeth Stevenson
Macmillan, 420 pp., $17.95

Reviewed by Jane Holtz Kay

"THE foremost artist which the New World has yet produced," a contemporary called Frederick Law Olmsted. He was first in his chosen field, building the nation's grandest parks and designing much the better part of what still passes for planned greenery in our cities and suburbs.

It was Olmsted's twin talents of artist and organizer that metamorphosed New York City's Central Park from a grim and treeless parallelogram into a sylvan greensward and that established green open spaces from Buffalo to the Deep South. From the first, when he framed the principles that saved Yosemite, to the last, when he initiated the concept of the national forest, Olmsted was far more than the park-maker his biographer calls him. Fortunately, Elizabeth Stevenson's label is narrower than her book; the name is used, one suspects, because Olmsted's real title —land-shaper, city-designer, planner, or, his own choice, "landscape architect"— carries a less glamorous image.

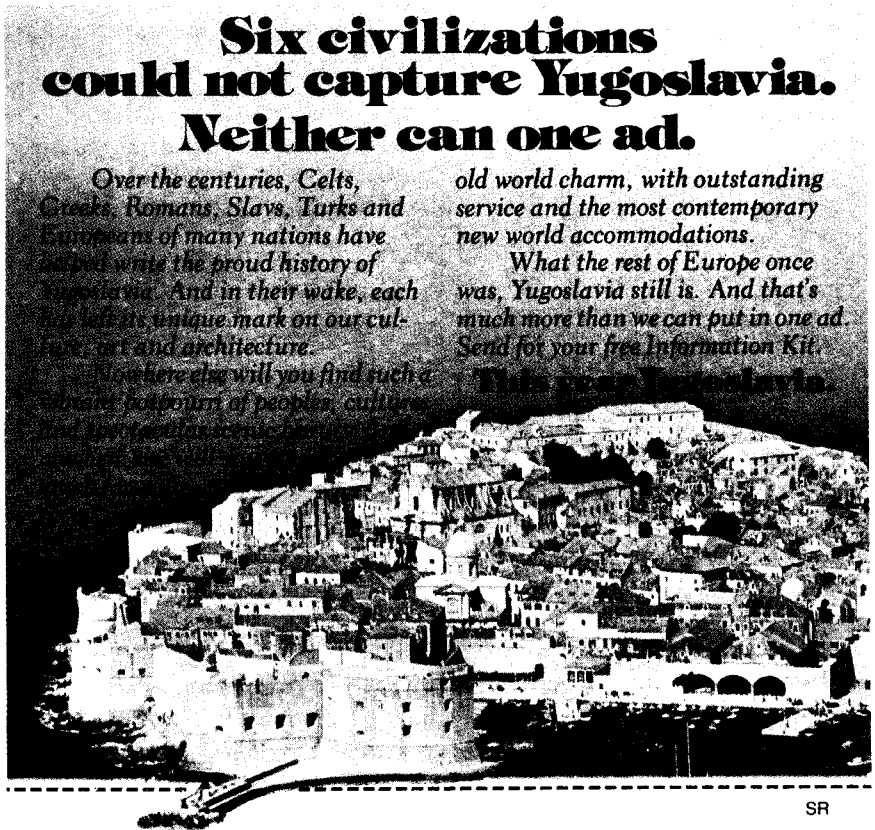
At any rate, if it lies within the power of biography, this book should bring new worshipers to the man and to his work. Its author writes in the literary tradition of Louise Hall Tharp or Catherine Drinker Bowen. (Or perhaps one should say that Elizabeth Stevenson writes within her own "tradition," since her *Henry Adams* won the Bancroft Prize.) She labored eight years through Olmsted documents, but the toil, like the pains of Olmsted's own life, is submerged in the joy of the work. Unlike Laura Roper's earlier rendering of Olmsted's life, this is readable and not too encyclopedic.

Stevenson relishes all the ages of Olmsted: first, the son, simultaneously coddled and slighted by an indulgent father; next, the witness and recorder of England's contoured landscape, "dumb-stricken by its loveliness"; then, the Staten Island farmer, restless in the cabbage rows on his way to "infinity," as his father said; and finally, the writer, who saw the social topography of *The Cotton Kingdom* upon his solitary horse and brooded over the nature of that land. So strange a people are here, he thought. How, his journal asked, could such congenial company still hanker for dogs to track down slaves for their "animal machine"? He shared the wonder and the horror with a large readership. The wounds of the war that followed and of the system that bred it would scar the land he loved.

When he was almost forty, Olmsted came of age, beginning his great career with the transformation of Central Park. That career went on to span four decades, a continent, and many partners—men of genius like Calvert Vaux, H. H. Richardson, and Charles Eliot, or gifted disciples like his sons and those who founded a profession on his skilled teachings. Stevenson's treatment of the work on Central Park, which Olmsted designed in concert with Vaux, is remarkable in its sensitivity to human and landscape issues. Her account shows Olmsted developing the talents that would serve him so well in later life—"those of a sensuous, dreaming artist, and those of an imperious manager."

This mix of park-maker, autocrat, and visionary has had few parallels in America, except perhaps for Robert Moses. Not surprisingly, the twentieth century's brutal, power-broking New York land-shaper was the mirror image of Olmsted, as our anti-environmental age of design has been the mirror image of Olmsted's nineteenth-century times. Olmsted foresaw and deplored our budding evils; he fought the exploitive attitude toward the land, the speculators, the road-wideners, the un-

Jane Holtz Kay is architecture critic for The Nation *and is currently writing a book, "Lost Boston."*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Designs and Documents

THE vast Olmsted paper legacy now sits in a precarious state in his old studio-office in Brookline, Massachusetts, awaiting a feasibility report that will decide its future. The National Park Service, studying suggestions for the disposition of the homestead with its 150,000 designs and documents, will release its first report late this summer. The works include 65,000 photos and original drawings, many of them fragile, others representing 117 years of ongoing plans for cities and towns, campuses and estates. (Many places still rely on Olmsted maps and plans to update or preserve his green legacy.)

After hurricane floods wrecked a number of these documents in the studio's subbasement, the rest were raised to dry floors. Other dangers persist, however. "What I would worry about are the glass negatives and the film negatives with an acid base," says William Alex, who took the major inventory of them. "These are deteriorating and can combust spontaneously." The bucolic Olmsted studio looks beautiful and intact, but a fire could wipe out the precious collection—a collection that has yet to be microfilmed.

Although the need for preservation strikes landscape architects, environmentalists, and urban greeners as urgent, this month marks the fourth anniversary of attempts to stabilize the Olmsted legacy. In the past, the Department of the Interior (the Park Service's overseer) has rejected bills aimed at doing so. The office of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who has sponsored the bills, now hopes for a positive report and eventual Park Service take-over. So do most Olmsted devotees.

With the hero of environmental design more prominent than ever, another issue has emerged: Who will inherit his treasure? Among the competing claimants are the ever expanding Smithsonian Institution (which wants his horticultural material), the Library of Congress (which hankers to join the historical documents to its Olmsted collection), the National Archives (after photographs), and several universities.

Olmsted scholars and urbanists despair over such fragmentation. They deplore the removal of the Olmsted legacy from its "natural home," as Alex puts it. Alex, members of the American Society of Landscape Architects, the Harvard Graduate School of Design, and others long for a "living archive" that would be run by students and promote the use of the designs in their original setting. "There's an ambient quality about the place," Alex muses, "and then there's a beautiful index system. It's all there and it works." In contrast, a rejected Harvard plan for rehousing would have cost from $6 million to $7 million.

Another thorny issue is money. The Park Service has no precedent on which to calculate payment. There is no comparable holding, hence there can be no precedent. The price set by owner Artemus Richardson, head of the office for almost three decades, is not known. "It's difficult to come up with a value for these things," says James Rienhardt, Boston-based park planner for the service.

Notwithstanding, the signs are promising. With overcrowding at park sites, worries about energy-conservation drives, and pressure to adjust its Smokey-the-Bear image, the Park Service could go for the more urban project.

Olmsted's plea for open spaces within cities also coincides with a recent mandate from Congress to the Interior Department to better serve some 17 cities in or near which 60 percent of the population resides. The near-to-Boston home of the founder of landscape architecture fits in in many ways. "It isn't just Olmsted the landscape architect," as Rienhardt puts it. "It's Olmsted the conservationist. It's Olmsted the writer. It's Olmsted the total man." And what could be more Olmstedian than saving and using his total legacy? —J.H.K.

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democratic exclusionists, even before he could perceive how they would grow to wreck so much of his legacy.

Our first hero of the landscape makes a formidable subject then: intemperate in both the genius of his place-making and in his will to enforce it. A man of no great physical stature and of poor health, Olmsted lived largely by his emotions. "Limping but spry," he crossed the continent endlessly, returning to recharge with his family and the "people [who] petted him." He could view these admirers with self-mocking pleasure, Stevenson writes, and could tolerate, fight, or cajole their opposites. Only the infamous Tweed ring would eventually drive him from New York to Boston.

There the work continued, as Olmsted traded "being for doing." He displayed "an ability to employ with ease the diverse abilities of many men and the qualities of trees and plants as well as stone and masonry to make a design that answered the craving in his own being." In the end, a lifetime of overwork and unceasing travel would send him in his final years to confinement at the mental hospital he had designed. But for four decades, the craving and the vision sustained him.

That was not all that sustained Olmsted, however, and Stevenson seems unconcerned with these larger impulses: the social forces of the times. She is, to be sure, no political or social historian, and fails to give us a fuller sense of this astounding era. It was an environmental age, with or without Olmsted. Others had secured the Central Park acreage and brought this man to his calling in New York at mid-century, just as others would hire him to "do" Boston in 1869. His work began in a nation of farmers and ended in the era of the City Beautiful that his design for the Columbian Exposition of 1893 helped create. At times, Stevenson forgets that the Age of Olmsted was the age in which America went from cottage industry to factory labor, from a homogeneous people to a teeming immigrant one, from the rural town to the industrial city as we know it. One misses this context.

One misses it especially in Stevenson's failure to assess the lifetime success of the man (which she comprehends) and the subsequent "failure" of his achievements (which she barely suggests). For Olmsted was not simply an artist whose art form lingers on canvas in museums; he was a designer upon the land, and his landscapes can ravel. He was the founder of a profession whose original glories have seldom been matched or enlarged upon. The essential question is "Why?" Why have his plans in U.S. cities and suburbs eroded?

Of course, there is an essence that endures. In countless central or chain parks ("emerald necklaces") that essence may be a city's salvation. But the ages after

Continued on page 31

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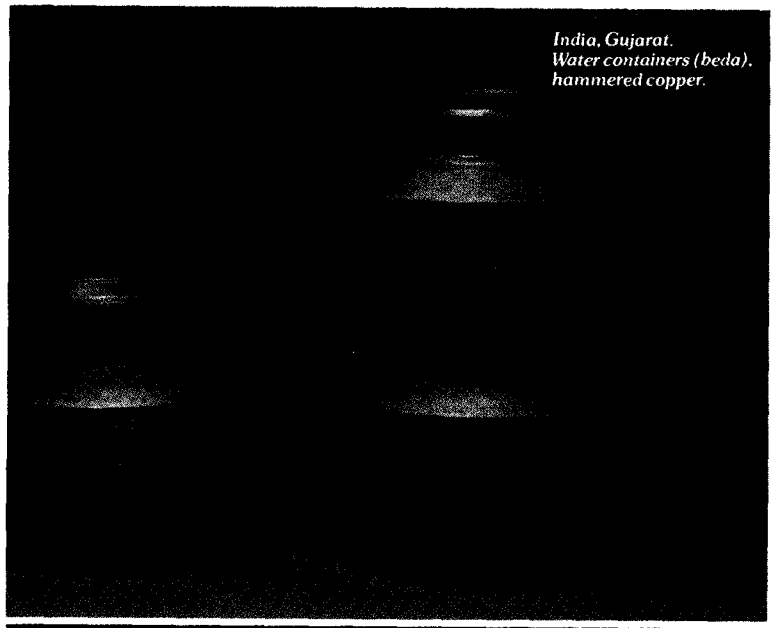
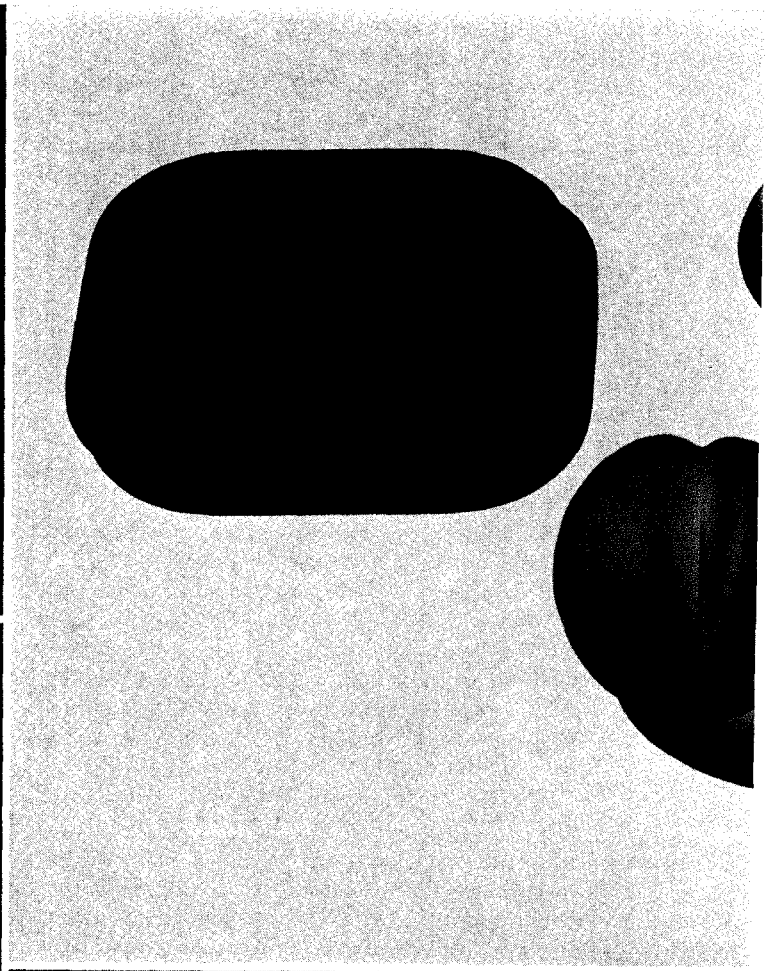
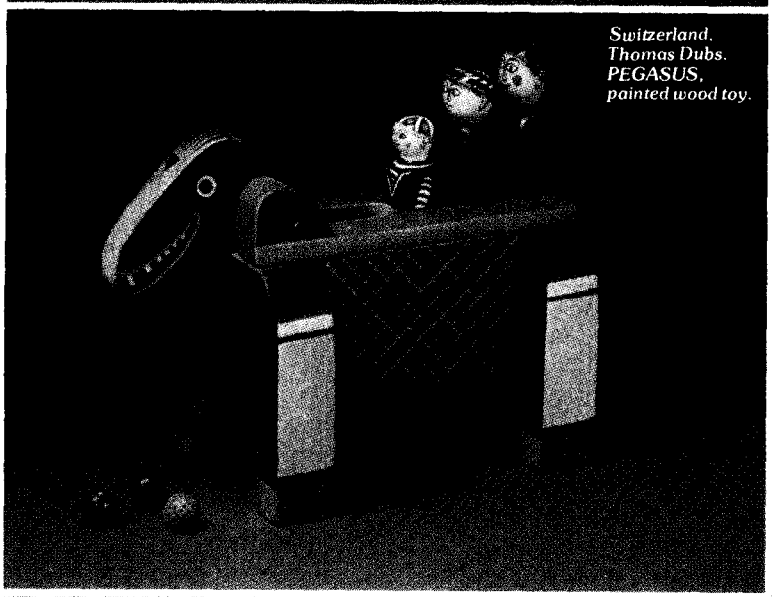
We talk better

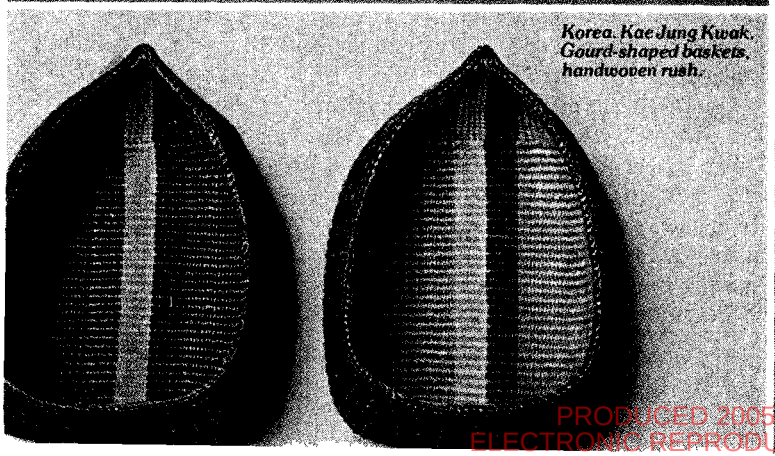


India, Gujarat.
Water containers (beda),
hammered copper.

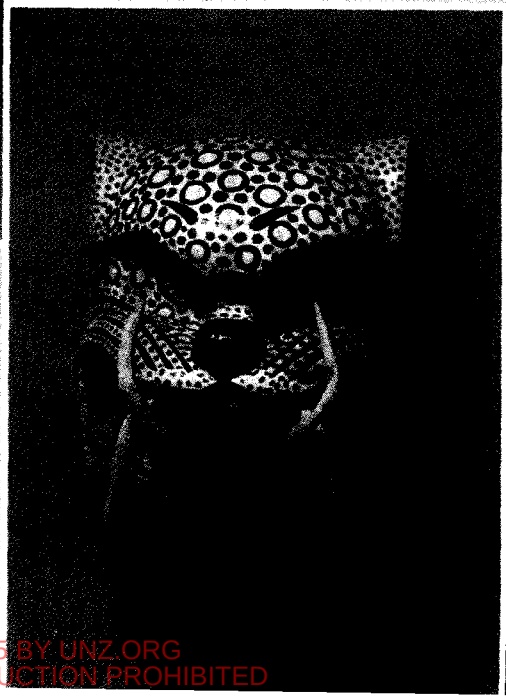




Switzerland.
Thomas Dubs.
PEGASUS,
painted wood toy.



Korea. Kae Jung Kwak.
Gourd-shaped baskets,
handwoven rush.



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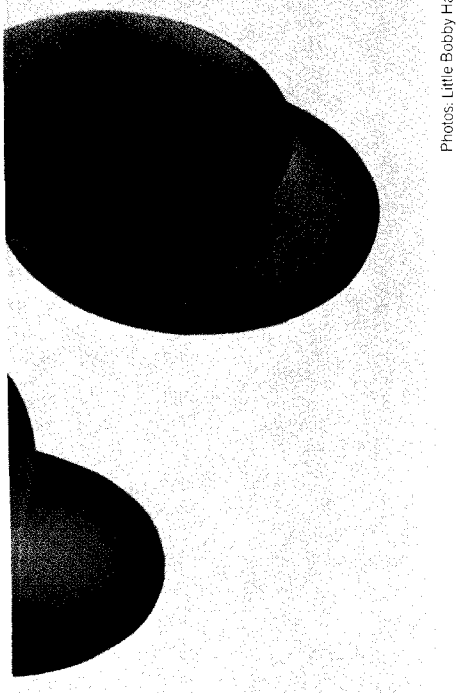
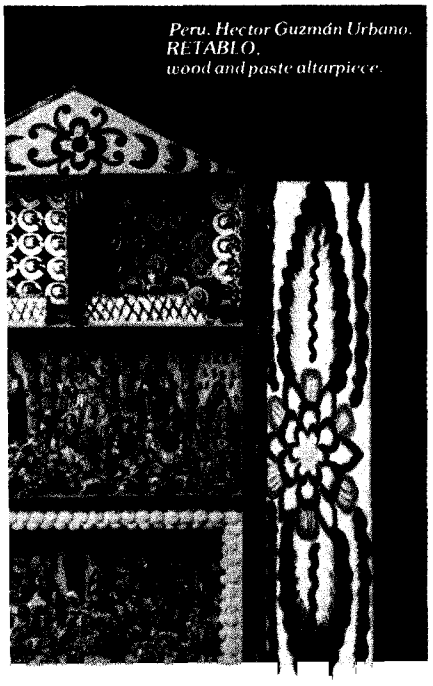
with our hands.



Czechoslovakia. František Vízner.
BLUE FORM, TOPAZ FORM.
Jaroslav Svoboda.
GLASS SCULPTURE.

Photos, Little Bobby Hanson, New York.



Peru. Hector Guzmán Urbano.
RETABLO.
wood and paste altarpiece.

These are some things that were made—lovingly and artfully—by hand. They were part of an exhibition of several hundred handcrafted pieces from around the world titled "In Praise of Hands."

Some, as you can see, were made just for fun, others to be useful, and some for no better reason than that the maker felt like it. But whatever their purpose and wherever on earth they came from, they all speak the same language.

They speak to us of the things we have made, and the things we use with our hands—the humble, everyday things that fit so easily in the hand and please the fingers. And they remind us of the lasting pleasure of simple things that are well made and well used, and therefore much loved.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition. In our business, as in many other American businesses, we deal with people from around the world, and it helps to be reminded that whatever our tongues may say, our hands and hearts speak the same language. It helps, too, to remind ourselves that individual initiative, individual imagination and individual innovativeness are still the basics of business in any language. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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Park-Maker *from page 27*

Olmsted have not loved his open spaces well enough to stop the unkind cuts: parking lots in Belle Isle, Detroit; expanding institutions in Central Park; vandalism at Prospect Park; expressways in Boston; commercialism creeping up from Niagara Falls; highways and freeways from Buffalo's Delaware Park to Louisville's Cherokee; and litter and abuse on every hand. Olmsted's pleasant carriageways—"stems" for greenery, he called them—have become bloated arteries for an auto-industrial age. The friends of this or that park could not stay municipal encroachments or stop neglect. Why? Stevenson does not deal with this.

Others have. The common criticism is that Olmsted's Waldenesque retreats were too pastoral for later times and that this aristocrat designed scenery-watching places for new urban masses who would not—or could not—profit from a too pure visual excellence.

However, a reading of Olmsted's life confounds this critical view. It is clear that Olmsted was a pragmatist par excellence—incorporating active elements (skating, rowing, walking) as well as passive ones in his parks—and a public man as well, coaxing robber baron Vanderbilt to turn his estate into Gifford Pinchot's first national forest. Olmsted's picturesque plantings were not mere Victorian curlicues but topographical adjustments—"a sandy beach south of Chicago to be made into a park, a scrubby and undistinguished neighborhood of Buffalo to have parks and parkways laid down upon it, a site in Massachusetts to have a hospital for the mentally ill, given a proper setting." He was less romantic than our own exurbanites and more political than our city planners.

Stevenson shows all that, and properly. But she fails to convey her park-maker's deeper misreading of the American temperament and of the American future. Olmsted thought he could overcome the folly of exclusionism and the speculative attitude toward the land; he had the power, the following, and the skill to do so. But only for a time. The public landscape—his "entering wedge . . . to a better way of things"—would not suffice. The lesson of Olmsted's time and of the time to come was the impermanent nature of that wedge when urban neglect, social inequity, auto mania, and unleashed development sliced away at it. Olmsted remains a fit hero. Stevenson is an able canonizer. But any book rooted in the land has still to deal with that infertile soil. ◉

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"Solvent."

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Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Five Seasons
by Roger Angell
Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Peter Andrews

THE relationships between baseball and its fans are among the most intricate and compelling in all of sports. If the allure of this "old, intense game," as Roger Angell calls baseball, strikes at all, it generally strikes deeply and early. The summer of 1945 was an extremely important season for me. I had just graduated from junior high school, for the first time in my life a girl let me kiss her with some seriousness, and I was in the Polo Grounds on August 1, the day Mel Ott hit his five hundredth home run. I can still see Ott high-stepping into the ball like an old lady leaping over a mud puddle and lashing a high drive into the upper right field stands against Johnny Hutchings of the old Boston Braves.

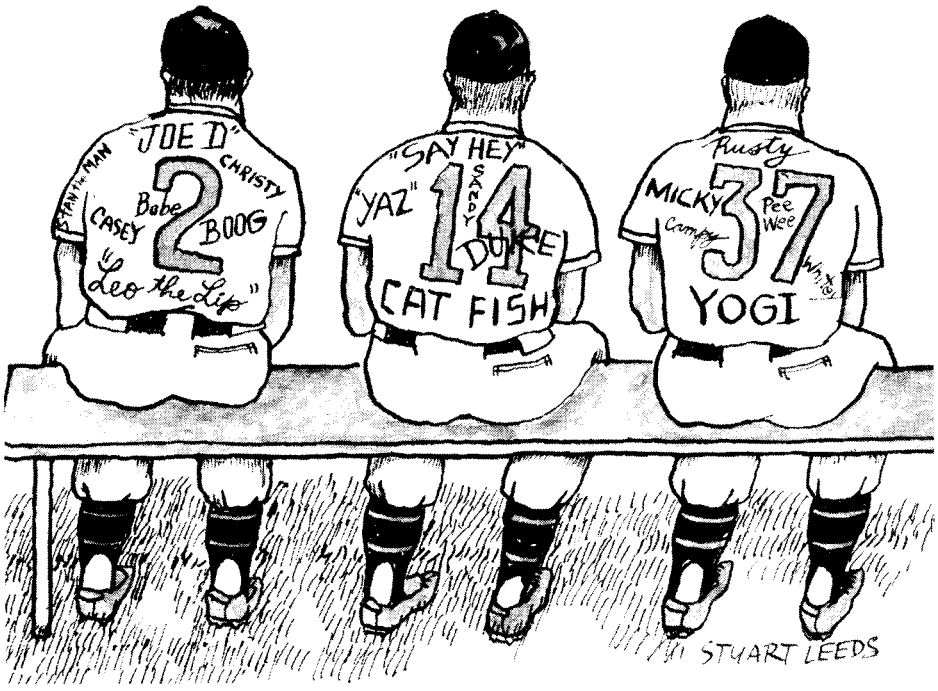
I cannot recall the name of a single teacher I studied under during that formative school year. I think the girl's name was Sally, but I can't be sure anymore. However, I can tell you the starting lineup of the New York Giants that day in August. It was Lockman, Hausmann, Ott, Gardella, Weintraub, Lombardi, Kerr, Jurges, and Mungo. The research department of the *Saturday Review* can check that out if they want to, but I guarantee you, there are some things in the world I know and the starting lineups of the Giants from 1940 through 1955 are among them.

Baseball is a series of images caught forever in the amber of recollection: the malevolent Sal Maglie breaking a curve ball in or near a batter's ear as the fancy took him; Clint Hartung, the flop-eared "Hondo Hurricane" who was going to lead us all to the bright plains beyond but somehow lost the way; the "Big Cat," Johnny Mize, who presided over first base in such a magisterial fashion that he would not deign to stretch for a throw if the infielder had been discourteous enough not to dot the "i" on Johnny's jersey with the peg—these are some of my memories. Fans of other teams have theirs, equally evocative. But we are all bound together by a common love for this quirky, demanding game.

Those of us who are fans find baseball a source of a dozen minor perfections. Look at a box score in the morning newspaper someday. It is as compact and useful as a logarithm table, and by sifting its curious figures, a knowledgeable fan can reconstruct the hours of travail that took place the day before. It is a model of statistical reportage. On the field, baseball is a game of infinite possibilities and boundless parameters. I have seen I don't know how many hundreds of games in my life, and no one situation is exactly like any that has ever preceded it. The runner on base may be half a step swifter or slower afoot than the previous one; the pitcher may be tiring just a tad or he may be reaching back for new reserves of energy; the air may be a bit heavier or lighter than it was the inning before. These kinds of possibilities exist in other outdoor sports as well, but baseball is a game in such perfect balance that we in the stands are given the opportunity to discuss these possibilities while the game is in progress. Baseball and chess are the only two sporting enterprises I can think of where the spectators can watch and critique at the same time. It is exactly this unique element of the game that people like Howard Cosell, who does not understand baseball, find so boring; but those of us who love the game find it the very heart of the matter. The bringing in of a relief pitcher is not a "break in the action." It is a matter of seminal importance that requires much discussion. Is this move prudent? Is it premature? Is it already too late? Indeed, the removal of Jim Willoughby in the eighth inning of the last game of the Red Sox–Reds World Series in 1975 is still a question of desperate concern in the Boston area and will be for years to come.

I SUPPOSE by now most nonfans have thrown up their hands in despair over this disquisition on a children's game. But if you won't listen to me, will you please listen to Roger Angell, who is, quite simply, the best baseball writer ever? Angell's first baseball book, *The Summer Game*, appeared in 1972 and was immediately established as the essential book on any baseball fan's shelf. Now comes *Five Seasons*, a series of stories, largely

Writer Peter Andrews retired from baseball when they started throwing him curves.



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taken from his pieces for *The New Yorker*, that covers the seasons from 1972 through 1976. I can think of no higher praise than to say it is just as good as his previous book.

Angell brings to his work the two indispensable qualities for topflight baseball writing: a keenly analytical mind that can dissect the sport in all of its facets, as well as a passionate concern for the game itself and how it should be played. Angell ranges over his territory like Marty Marion. He can write a solid paragraph showing how Johnny Bench going with a low outside pitch and hitting to right field was committing the act of a disciplined man. He can carefully build a case for the current Cincinnati Reds being the first truly modern baseball team of this generation, a team that has been specifically built to play on artificial turf. Even the ball itself comes in for Angell's examination as he notes, "If it were a fraction of an inch larger or smaller, a few centigrams heavier or lighter, the game of baseball would be utterly different."

But most of all, Angell cares about baseball, and I will let his apologia stand for all of us who do the same:

It is foolish and childish, on the face of it, to affiliate ourselves with anything so insignificant and patently contrived as a professional sports team. . . . What is left out of this calculation, it seems to me, is the business of caring—caring deeply and passionately, really *caring*—which is a capacity or an emotion that has almost gone out of our lives. . . . Naiveté—the infantile and ignoble joy that sends a grown man or woman to dancing or shouting with joy in the middle of the night over the haphazardous flight of a distant ball —seems a small price to pay for such a gift.

Five Seasons is a book brilliantly conceived and executed. By turns it is thoughtful, hysterically funny when Angell discusses all the bounces of which a horsehide is capable, and, in the end, sad and properly angry when he contemplates the stupidities that have been forced on baseball by the people who run it.

If I were the Commissioner of Baseball —and judging from the recent actions of the incumbent, there is no reason on the face of the earth why I shouldn't be—I'd dust off a small niche at Cooperstown and reserve it for Roger Angell. He has crafted two flawless baseball masterpieces in a row, and that hasn't been done since Johnny Vander Meer pitched back-to-back no-hitters in 1938. ◉

Wit Twister No. 96

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 51.

I know no snake, or any crawling thing,
More — — — — — — — — —
than Lear's unkind offspring
Who, — — — — — — — — —
to hopes of princely state,
Changed — — — — — — — — —
displays of love to hate. A. S.

Mick and Slick

Whitey and Mickey: An Autobiography of the Yankee Years
by Whitey Ford, Mickey Mantle, and Joseph Durso
Viking, 202 pp., $8.95

TOWARD the end of his Hall of Fame career, usually when the chips were down and very blue, Yankee pitcher Whitey Ford used a mixture of turpentine, baby oil, and resin to get his fingers just sticky enough to make the ball do tricks as it approached the plate. It was white stuff, not dark, that Ford used, so umpires and other managers couldn't spot it on Whitey's fingers, and it worked exceedingly well when one of the greatest of Yankee pitchers had begun to fade.

Now, Yogi Berra had a habit of swiping other players' toiletries after his shower, and one day, after a game in which Whitey had used his magic mixture, Yogi squirted it under his arms by mistake. His armpits were soon stuck fast together, and a trainer had to cut the hair away and use alcohol to dissolve what amounted to Elmer's (Whitey's) glue.

This is the sort of enchanting tale Ford and Mantle have put together, with considerable help from Joseph Durso, *The New York Times*'s eminent sports authority. Since loading a baseball with anything from mud to spit is illegal, Whitey's confession is sure to make headlines, even though, as most baseball writers know, almost every pitcher has tried something at one time or another, not always without detection.

As for Mickey Mantle's half of the autobiography, you get a painfully candid picture of the agonies he must have gone through in his later years, taped from waist to toes yet expected to perform as brilliantly as he once had. Mickey made up for it in the evenings. Whitey says of his teammate and roommate: "Everybody who roomed with Mickey said he took five years off their careers." Reading this marvelous mirror of the lives of two of baseball's greatest stars, one can see why. Brawling, drinking, possibly womanizing wherever they happened to be, Mick and Slick, as their teammates called them, couldn't have composed a dull book, and with Mr. Durso's expert guidance they haven't. —RICHARD L. TOBIN

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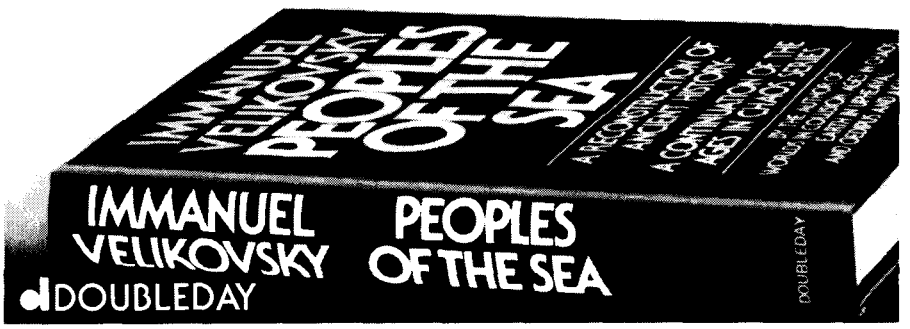

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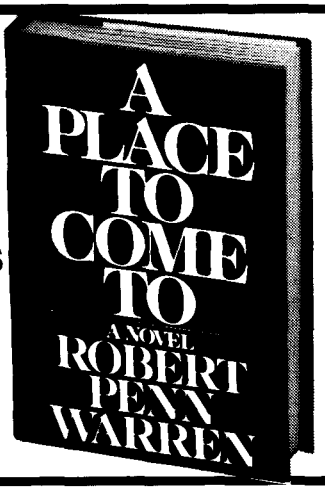

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Books in Brief

The Auden Generation: Literature and Politics in England in the 1930s
by Samuel Hynes
Viking, 430 pp., $12.95

ALL imaginative writers make myths. But no modern writers have more willingly believed them than the English poets, critics, and novelists of W. H. Auden's generation. Samuel Hynes deftly weaves this theme through his literary history of that generation during the 1930s, which included, besides Auden, the leader, Spender, Day Lewis, Isherwood, and Orwell. And by skillfully demonstrating how myths (simplified and dramatic images of reality) both expressed and guided the lives of these young men between the wars, Hynes deepens our reading of their works.

Born early in the century, the Auden generation came of age amid the poetic imagery of World War I and the postwar *Waste Land*—with fears of more bloodshed to come. Shaken by the Depression and the threat of fascism, its members created literary myths of their own. Denouncing the older generation as derelict, they idealized the Truly Strong Man and viewed themselves as historical figures championing the cause of the Left. But when their myths were finally tested in the Spanish Civil War, they saw them all shattered.

As the 1930s ended, with World War II flaming, these writers knew that their literary and political movement was finished. And this knowledge bred a final myth: that the Thirties and the Auden generation had failed contemptibly. In Auden's words, it had been "a low dishonest decade." Yet this is one myth no reader will believe.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Zarathustra's Sister: The Case of Elisabeth and Friedrich Nietzsche
by H. F. Peters
Crown, 243 pp., $8.95

ELEVEN years before his death in 1900, Nietzsche's struggle with the tertiary phase of syphilis, and the manic depression that went with it, came to an end when he sank from a final explosion

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of ecstasy into a virtually vegetable state. At that time, his life and work were taken in hand by his sister Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, or "Lieschen," as she'd been known in childhood. Lieschen was a creature about whom very little good can be said. A committed proto-Nazi and anti-Semite, Elisabeth crowned her career at the age of eighty by welcoming Hitler ("this great and wonderful man") to a gala tour of her Nietzsche Archives in Weimar. She had passed the intervening years bowdlerizing her brother's work, putting it in service to ideas he abhorred, and driving serious students from the field, all the while advancing herself politically, socially, and financially.

She was, in short, an all but comically repellent figure. Even the resemblances between Lieschen and her darling "Fritz" are contrasts: where Nietzsche was ambitious in an ultimate intellectual sense, Elisabeth was merely ambitious, an almost fanatical social climber; where Nietzsche had been a solitary ascetic living at the limits of thought, Elisabeth, as even more of a conformist than one would have expected, made the Nietzsche cult into a fatuous variety of Teutonic chic.

The story has been known in a general way for years, but H. F. Peters, who has gained access to the hitherto closed archives, gives the complete account (including the story of Elisabeth's busybody, manipulative role in Nietzsche's relation to Wagner and to Lou Andreas-Salome) and in the meanwhile offers a perspective of Nietzsche himself that is chilling, fascinating, strange. —STEPHEN KOCH

Ackroyd
by Jules Feiffer
Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $8.95

JULES FEIFFER'S first novel isn't always fun to read, but it is fun to figure out. *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, you'll recall, was the Agatha Christie mystery in which the crime was perpetrated by the narrator himself. Here, Ackroyd (the alias used by Robert Hollister) launches his career as a private eye through an ad in the *Saturday Review* and takes on his first clients, the Plantes. Annabelle Plante hires him to tail a missing parakeet; her husband, sportswriter Oscar "Rags" Plante, then asks him to recover the stolen notes for his unwritten novel. The trail of the notes, and of Plante's artistic identity, eventually leads back to high school (where else?) and to the heroes that little guys like Plante have created for their own purposes. Meanwhile, Ackroyd finds himself turning into his employer: he sleeps with Plante's women; Plante "ghosts" Ackroyd's book. Their personalities merge.

It's no accident that this Rags-to-Roger saga is set in the years between 1964 and 1971. The reference points include the New York status scramble, antiwar activism, JFK (who may be the real ghost haunting both men), and, of course, the ultimate private investigation of psychotherapy. Unfortunately, the best clues are buried under long, dull stretches of dialogue that are all too reminiscent of Woody Allen's Sam Spade parody—with the funny lines omitted. Feiffer can't bring himself to act out his own madness. Instead he picks away at it like an overscrupulous analysand. The result isn't a very satisfying story; just a fascinating bundle of neuroses that uncannily mirrors our own. —JOYCE MILTON

O America:
When You and I Were Young
by Luigi Barzini
Harper & Row, 329 pp., $10

LUIGI BARZINI, who charmed us with *The Italians*, has done it again, *con brio*—this time evoking the America he observed from 1925, when he came here from Milan with his family at age sixteen, until he graduated from Columbia five years later and returned to Italy.

Young Barzini arrived on the crest of expectations: his own; those of his father, who wanted to start an Italian newspaper in New York; and America's. He left in the Depression, when the bottom had dropped out of faith, hope, and buoyancy. While here, Barzini plunged into the turbulent life of the Twenties, studying, working as a reporter, partying, falling in love, and casting his fine Italian eye over the scene of those hyped-up times. Now he reflects on that period of his life during which everything he encountered was the perturbing revelation of some new way of being. His perception and experience of America are blended with those of his youth, and the flavor is distilled in witty and urbane prose by a writer who combines the best of European humanism with American directness. It's informal social history by a sensitive observer who has never ceased to be beguiled by America since his first collision with her.

—HELEN BAROLINI

In the Miro District and Other Stories
by Peter Taylor
Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95

I AM tempted to say that Peter Taylor is the greatest living short-story writer, but I shall be prudent and suggest he is the greatest one writing in English today. Actually, I must clarify this because Taylor really creates compressed novels rather than short stories, prisms rather than firecrackers. Each establishes

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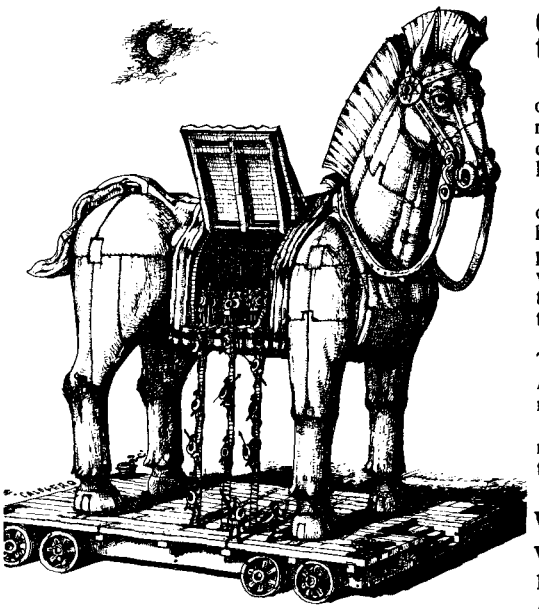
Homer is said to have used 9,000 different words.



(Amazing how far he traveled on so few.)

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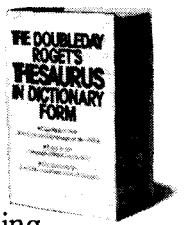

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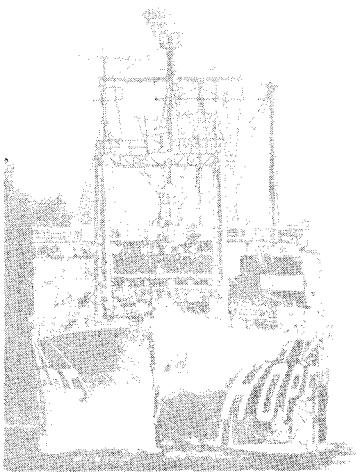

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solidity of time and place, density (by which I mean variety, eccentricity, ambiguity, inevitability), and a context for "round" characters who—in E. M. Forster's novelistic sense—undergo "change."

The new collection's title story, "In the Miro District," takes place in the quintessential Peter Taylor decade, the 1920s, and setting, Nashville, Tennessee. It delineates a generational clash between a grandfather who rode "muleback through the wilds of West Tennessee" and a grandson born to a "busy, genteel, contented life" in the gentler Nashville Basin, romantically called the Miro District. "The Captain's Son" takes the measure of a Jamesian observer held back, finally, by lackluster breeding. The violating relationship between country and well-intentioned but sorely insensitive city kin is brought to brutal resolve in "The Hand of Emmagene." "Daphne's Lover" does for Memphis what *The Great Gatsby* did for Long Island. It has the strains of Nick Carraway's romantic susceptibility and Daisy Buchanan's laughter jingling like money in counterpoint to the hum of old southern gentility. Uncharacteristic of Taylor is his New York setting in "The Instruction of a Mistress," a brief piece he tells daringly from two ironically dovetailing points of view. Each of these five stories and three others not mentioned here is distilled through a style that is transparent yet opaque, to which you cannot point and say, "There it is!" It simply *is* there—in delicate balance, with riveting authority and transforming grace.

—LINDA KUEHL

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 83

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 53.*

SJSZE ZSVIZB, RINSJSZ HSUSMMTZE, NOXX... PS UTZZOSF IAD DI TH SKDZSBS NROUR NOXX ODMSXV HSSF ZSVIZB-OHQ.

—UIXSZOFQS

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Of Editors and Imprints

The general reader doesn't know one publisher from another, so he has probably not even noticed what began as a spate and has by now become a full-fledged trend in publishing—editors getting their personal imprint on the title page along with the name of the publisher. There are Henry Robbins Books and Thomas Congdon Books at Dutton, James Wade Books at Dial, Eleanor Friede Books at Delacorte, Richard and Jeanette Seaver Books at Viking, Del Ray Books at Ballantine, Joan Kahn Books at Harper & Row, David Obst Books at Random House, and the books of Richard Marek, Publishers, through Putnam's. Right in the swim of this kind of activity are James Silberman, who left his position as editor in chief at Random House to start Summit Press (financed as a publishing division of Simon & Schuster), and Charles Sopkin, who left Dutton to get under the Playboy Enterprises bumbershoot with his Seaview Press. And note that Viking recently brought out an elaborate book, *In the Russian Style*, which was notable for citing no author, but instead stating on the jacket, "Edited by Jacqueline Onassis." (I hesitate to add, but only for a second, that Viking also brings out an occasional William Cole Book.)

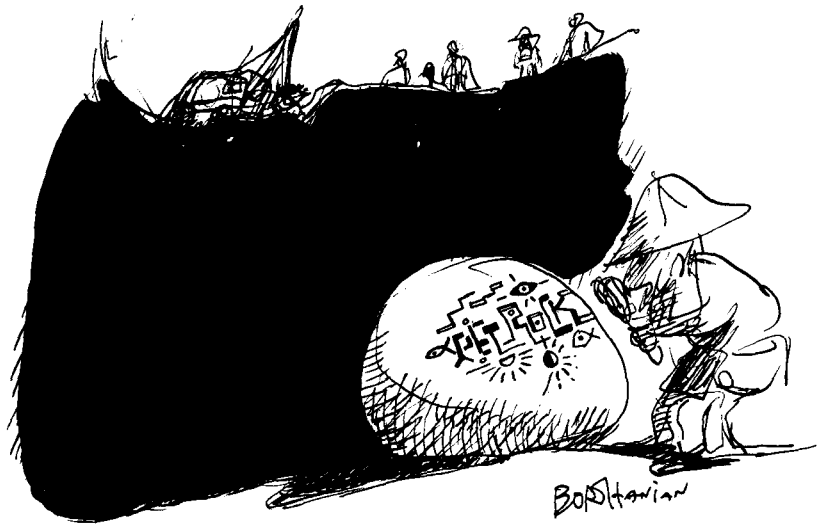
That organ of the book trade, *Publishers Weekly*, recently ran a long and fascinating article by Thomas Weyr, "Getting Your Name on the Title Page," which dealt with this new trend. It all began some 15 years ago with Helen and Kurt Wolff Books at Harcourt Brace. The Wolffs, who founded Pantheon Books, had retired, but William Jovanovich, the head of Harcourt, thought they shouldn't have, so he worked out a deal with them whereby they would bring in books (Günter Grass, Uwe Johnson, Simenon), have editorial and promotional control over them, and get a piece of the action on each book. A few years later this plan, with variations, was taken up by Seymour Lawrence at Dell/Delacorte, involving such authors as Kurt Vonnegut, J. P. Donleavy, and Jorge Luis Borges.

The monetary arrangements between the editorial imprints and their publishers are complicated and differ in each case. They're also kept too hush-hush to dig out. Sufficient to say that in some cases the imprint editors invest money, and in others they invest only their time, brains, and experience. Sometimes they share office space with their publishers, sometimes not. Most work on a salary-plus-percentage-of-profits arrangement. When a best seller is hit upon, the imprintee makes a great deal of money that he wouldn't see as a salaried employee.

Being an editor in book publishing is pleasant work: it offers a reasonably good salary and all you can read. If you keep out of house politics, do the work you're asked to do, and bring in the occasional seller on your own, you can remain ulcerless for a working lifetime. But of course there are always problems. Any decent editor I've ever known finds his loyalties divided from time to time: Which is more important, an author who is a friend or the publisher who pays your salary? Publishing is a business, and the moneymen make the final decisions. And sometimes the decisions of an editorial board, to whom your projects are submitted, may seem capricious. You are not really your own man. With your own imprint, you can get around these problems. You can pick the books you want and work with your author every step of the way. You have a chance of making a big killing, and you have the ego boost of your name on the title page.

In many cases, the designer of a book gets his acknowledgment, but the editor never does. Why? There are many reasons, the principal one being that the editor is an employee, doing work he's paid to do. Then, too, editors are forever being shot out from under their authors, who are handed on down to other editors with whom they may have no sympathy. In publishing there's a continual game of musical chairs; it's a rare editor in his forties who hasn't been with at least three firms. Another complication is that there are all kinds of editors. There's the "in-house editor" (what's his opposite?), who generally works on books assigned to him, and there's the glamorous "acquisitions editor," who knows just everybody, agents and celebrities, and "brings in" books, handing over the line-by-line work to somebody else. And there are specialists in cookbooks, how-to's, music books, detective stories, paperback originals—you name it. Brilliant as many of these people are, they can get lost in the shuffle. Most established publishers have been taken over by huge corporations, and with such behemoths, the bottom line is what everyone is looking at (the old story of artist versus businessman), and personal relationships between author and publisher disappear.

Here's where the top editor or editor in chief comes in with his imprint: he can be an old-fashioned personal publisher within the structure of a Big Daddy firm; he can give authors the touch that has perhaps been lost along the way; and he'll stick with the author. And the publisher gets a respected name to align himself with —an experienced editor whose proven ability can bring in prestigious and profitable books. ◉



"Heavens! It looks like an early Miró!"

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A Finer Madness

by Judith Crist

THE temptation of the superlative—to discover the masterpiece of the week (or the month, should one be writing for a monthly), or the best film of the year come April—is ever with the critic, to be resisted at high cost. Our raison d'être, after all, in devotion to a medium primarily concerned with the manufacture of commercial trash, is that the best is yet to come. With restraint, therefore, we can but note that Woody Allen's new film, *Annie Hall*, is his most satisfying creation and our most gratifying comedic experience in recent years.

The transition of Allen from cult figure to star was marked last year in pop-culture terms by his emergence as a comic-strip character in 180 newspapers across the nation, a transition reflected in the course of his filmmaking career. In his emergence as director, coauthor with Mickey Rose, and star of *Take the Money and Run* in 1969 and *Bananas* in 1971, he indicated the potential of his comic genius. In *Play It Again, Sam*, the 1972 film of his Broadway play, for which he provided only screenplay and star performance under Herb Ross's direction, he finally reached a popular audience. On his own that year, with *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*, he honed his writing and directorial talents; in 1973, with *Sleeper*, as star, director, and coauthor with Marshall Brickman, he came into his own not only as performer but also as filmmaker; with *Love and Death*, in 1975, as writer, director, and star, he continued his progress toward truly original filmmaking and away from the stand-up comic routines at his roots.

With *Annie Hall*, coauthored with Brickman, a writer-musician best known for his brilliant *New Yorker* satires, Allen has completed the journey from comic to humorist, from comedy writer to wit, from inventive moviemaker to creative artist, confident in his content and in his adventurous techniques. The character in place of the cartoon, the situation instead of the setup, the involvement of the head and the heart—of intelligence and emotion rather than the mouth and the gut for one-liners and easy laughter—are the hallmarks of his genius. In short, he has arrived at a maturity, an adult view of the human comedy that is a far cry from the nightclub-and-campus-shtick orientation of his beginnings. Not to worry, of course—those same old hang-ups and neuroses and fine madnesses are still with him, but tempered to truth with the humor and compassion that are peculiarly his own.

Annie Hall—*"A far cry from nightclub-and-campus shtick."*

Allen's sixth film is, perhaps, his most personal, the story of a "relationship," a contemporary love affair between opposites who remain intact. As Alvy Singer, a Brooklyn-bred New York comedian, Allen recalls his relationship with Annie, a would-be singer from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, who seems to him to have stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting. With two marriages and 15 years of analysis behind him, Alvy has arrived at his own terms: he applies two standard jokes to his concepts of life and of love. The former he sees in terms of the women who found the food at a resort "terrible—and such small portions!"; the latter, in the classic line attributed to Groucho Marx of not belonging to a club that would have him as a member. Alvy is laden with the paranoia of Jewishness, the consciousness of being "into garbage" in his devotion to New York City, the conviction that "life is divided into the horrible and the miserable, so be thankful that you're miserable." And he is confronted by a lovely creature—Diane Keaton, that uniquely beautiful comedienne—who finds Sylvia Plath "neat," is prone to cover inner confusion with "la-di-da," and confides to Alvy that "You're what Grammy Hall would call a real Jew; she hates Jews." Annie smokes grass as a relaxant for their intimate moments; Alvy sees this as "the illusion it will make a white woman more like Billie Holiday." Alvy sets out to improve her mind; they live apart, together, and apart; they are both into analysis, and finally, after a trip to Los Angeles, where he is to do a television show and she a recording, they realize they have a "dead shark" on their hands, a relationship at a standstill, one that cannot move forward as it must to survive. Totally "irrational, crazy, and absurd," Alvy concedes—and reaches for another standard joke for his moral.

Around the couple, in family and school recalled, in wonderfully realized fantasies and sparkling satiric social situations, swirl the targets of Allen's wit:

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the "Munchkinland" of Beverly Hills (where they save their garbage and turn it into television shows); the "in" jargon of "take a meeting" and turning "concepts" into "ideas"; sex and politics and cineasts and the anatomy of coupled happiness ("I'm very shallow and empty with no ideas and nothing to say," "So am I, so we're happy"). The film is free and fully formed, its flashbacks always part of the narrator's consciousness, its realities augmented by flights of sophisticated fancy, the grit of its truths provided by the location shootings—honors to cinematographer Gordon Willis—and the bright bits provided by the noteworthy supporting cast. Tony Roberts is once again Allen's boyhood chum; Carol Kane is his political first wife; Janet Margolin, the intellectual second; Shelley Duvall gangles irresistibly as the *Rolling Stone* reporter who beds Alvy to find "sex with you is a Kafkaesque experience and I mean that as a compliment"; Colleen Dewhurst glows as Annie's earthy Wasp mom—and even Marshall McLuhan drops in to fulfill a universal fantasy. It's all enough to make one yield to the temptation of the superlative—as I suspect you will.

One would, as one was able in the course of Allen's evolution, like to report that Joan Micklin Silver has moved ahead from the shaggy charm and appealing substance of her 1975 *Hester Street*. Her second theatrical feature, *Between the Lines*, is, however, a disappointment, a superficial youth-generation flick that gives trivial treatment to a potentially interesting subject. The problem initially lies in the screenplay by Fred Barron, his first, based on his own experiences, obviously, as a reporter with *The Boston Phoenix* and *The Real Paper*. It is enhanced on screen by what appear to be two major influences on Silver: the multi-character format of Robert Altman's *Nashville* and the intellectual level of Mickey Rooney–Judy Garland "Hey, kids, let's put the show on in the barn" movies.

We are offered a clutch of young people working on the "Back Bay Mainline," an erstwhile radical-underground weekly that has surfaced with such success that its reporters dream of writing books about the end-of-the-Sixties–early-Seventies culture, its photographer is being offered shows and jobs in New York, and its publisher is contemplating selling out to a conglomerate. The show is, in fact, being put on in the barn, and all the little stereotypes are wondering what they'll do when that big Broadway offer comes.

Silver and her youthful cast have failed to provide a singularity to the characters, who come and go before the frequently frenetic and more often time-marking camera, so much so that minor characters —Michael J. Pollard as the unkempt newsboy, Lewis J. Stadlen as the prissy advertising head, Jill Eikenberry as the receptionist and keeper of the flame—make the deepest mark. Two excellent *Nashville* veterans are wasted: Gwen Welles, vulnerable as ever, remains merely squishy as a writer dependent on her egocentric lover, and Jeff Goldblum, a marvelously manic comic as Altman's bike rider, carries each comic bit into uncontrolled mania. Lindsay Crouse, the leading lady, is cute as the photographer; Stephen Collins simply unpleasant as Welles's writer-lover, and Bruno Kirby naïve as the office naïf. Only John Heard, as a veteran reporter involved with Crouse, distinguishes himself. None, however, gives credibility to his professional stance. And the theme's potential—of dealing deeply with where all the flower children have indeed gone—is lost in a welter of simplistics and teeny-bopperisms. The film's "R" rating, apparently based on innocuous bare-breast beddings, is as childish as the subject matter.

A Swedish film merits your attention. Bo Widerberg's *Man on the Roof*, adapted by Widerberg from *The Abominable Man* by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö, is an excellent *policier*. More important, it is true to the spirit of the Wahlöös, masters of the Swedish detective story and the chief proponents of the sociological thriller. Like the body of work provided by the husband-and-wife team before Wahlöö's death, Widerberg's film is, on the surface, an excellent police procedural, its detailing of a grim profession reflecting the drab underside of society. But it is saturated, as the books have been, with the exploration of a society gone gray, its institutions bureaucratized, the desperation's quiet shattered by the explosion of passion. Widerberg, who hitherto has coated his works with a lyric beauty somehow appropriate to time past—from *Elvira Madigan* to *Adalen 31* to *Joe Hill*—looks upon the realities of contemporary life with a clear and thoughtful eye, slighting no facet of his characters while tightening their movement toward the explosive climax of the drama. Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, as the Wahlöös' protagonist, Martin Beck, gives rocklike focus to the drama. The result is the quintessential police story, rooted in its society. ◉

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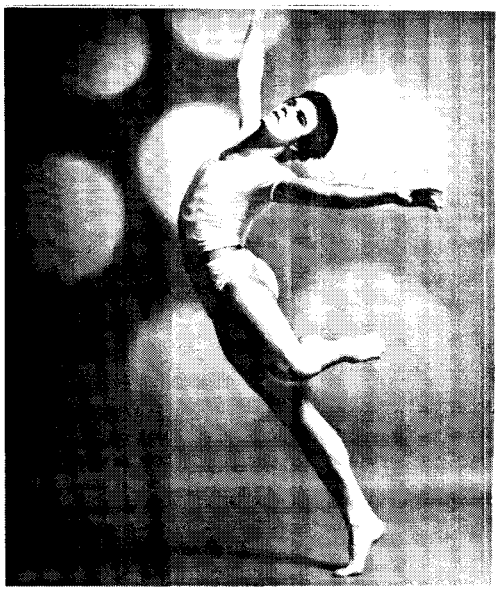
Dance

On the Road with Dance and Dancers

by Walter Terry



Zachary Freyman

Wells—"Lovely, pertinent pauses."

Augusta, Georgia

IT MAY possibly be thought of as covert action, but it is not really spying. At any rate, I have long enjoyed the occasional hobby of popping in unexpectedly when celebrated dance stars perform in small towns, usually under less than ideal circumstances, far from the glittering Metropolitan Opera House, Kennedy Center, or other places of like theatrical luster. I've done just that here in Augusta, where I saw two of the New York City Ballet's most distinguished artists, Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson, dance with a small regional amateur ballet group (most of the nation's 225 regional ballets are of amateur status), the Georgia Dance Theatre Company.

I am delighted to report that both Miss McBride and Mr. Tomasson danced with all the dash, technical exactitude, and elegant style that they bring to an opening night at their home base, the New York State Theater. In fact, Miss McBride brought to an inadequate stage in a dismal old auditorium that radiant graciousness that caused the Paris public of 1681 to name the world's first professional ballerina, Lafontaine, *"la reine de la danse"*; and as for Tomasson, he discarded his customary air of reserve, which has sometimes bordered perilously close to blandness, and gave a small-town public, unaccustomed to dance treats, a performance characterized by real pizzazz.

Nor was it an easy assignment for the two. Miss McBride had originally been scheduled to dance in Augusta with her husband, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, but he sustained an injury that made a last-minute replacement necessary. So Tomasson stepped (or danced) in and he and Miss McBride hopped a plane from Washington, where they were appearing in repertory with the New York City Ballet, rehearsed to tapes that Tomasson had never heard before (as far as tempi were concerned), danced, and left at dawn the next morning to reach Kennedy Center in time for the matinee.

Both cherished on this occasion a challenge eagerly sought by all dancers at all times—an opportunity to perform something that is either new to them or that they rarely have a chance to do. The New York City Ballet's repertory avoids standard ballet classics, so the spur-of-the-moment team of McBride and Tomasson took especial delight in undertaking that great bravura showpiece of nineteenth-century ballet, the "Grand Pas de Deux" from Marius Petipa's *Don Quixote*. And they danced it not only with relish but with peppery coquetry and Latin fire. Very familiar to them was the twentieth-century "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," a dazzling, incredibly virtuosic duet by the City Ballet's artistic director and chief choreographer, George Balanchine. For a brief spell, then, the dingy Music Hall of the Bell Auditorium in downtown Augusta took on all the glitter of New York's Lincoln Center, thanks to Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson, stars of the ballet, whatever the setting.

I remember years ago slipping into an auditorium at New Paltz, New York, to see the then famous Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo near the close of an arduous tour of one-night stands. Many of the dancers gave less than their best. Not so Alexandra Danilova and Frederic Franklin. These two great artists, who may be numbered among the dance immortals of this century, danced as if it were opening night at the old Met. I remember, too, what the modern dancer Miriam Winslow said about the road: "If you're playing a small town you know that you may be the only dance attraction they can afford for that entire year. In a sense, then, you *are* the dance for that day; the responsibility is enormous. You must be at your best." Patty and Helgi, like their dance predecessors, are troupers and artists.

Montreal

SPARKLE and verve abound in the relatively new company of Les Ballets Jazz, which had its modest beginnings barely five years ago in Quebec Province. Today, its associated school has more than a thousand students and its performances can fill the elegant Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier in the prestigious Place des Arts. Under the general direction of Geneviève Salbaing, the artistic direction of Eva Von Gencsy, and the rehearsal supervision of Peter George, the troupe is developing a jazz style firmly rooted in the highly exacting discipline of classical ballet while exploiting the rhythmic freedom, the emotional explosiveness of today's youth.

In the company's repertory, you will find such varied items as an abstract jazz ballet choreographed by a black artist, Richard Jones, to music of Duke Ellington; Brian Macdonald's *Carapaces* (first done by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet under the title *Five Over Thirteen*), a near surrealist ballet in which strange figures wearing shells of blazing white are protected by these carapaces, are imprisoned by them, and escape from them briefly and fearfully, all to music by Harry Freedman, and with the eerie shell sculptures by Walter Redinger; and *Fleur-de-Lis*, a sort of pageant-history, poeticized, of Quebec.

Les Ballets Jazz gives Canada its fourth major dance troupe, the seniors being the Royal Winnipeg Ballet (the first "royal" ballet in the history of the British Empire and Commonwealth), the huge National Ballet, and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. (There are, of course, excellent ballet and modern-dance groups, smaller and less well-known outside Canada.) And now, Les Ballets Jazz provides yet another aspect of Canada's long-respected dance accomplishments. I agree heartily with one of Canada's own dance critics, William Littler, of the *Toronto Star*, who wrote, "They don't wear dance as a costume; they live through it, speak through

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it . . . deriving strength from their ballet training and expressive freedom through jazz. . . . In other words, they are dancing about dancing."

New Haven, Connecticut

It is a joy to watch a low-budget, chamber-size but artistically imaginative young professional company grow, bettering its own performing standards, encouraging new choreography, and building hometown support for dance as it goes along. The little, modest Connecticut Ballet Company, codirected by Robert Vickrey and Robin Welch (Mrs. Vickrey), is just such a troupe. It must, like all ballet companies great and small, do a *Nutcracker* at Christmas and (the growing thing) a *Coppélia* at Easter or spring-vacation time, but it also invests in new choreography and up-and-coming choreographers. The Connecticut Ballet's best investment in this area to date is Bruce Wells.

Wells, a onetime soloist with the New York City Ballet and a strikingly gifted dancer, is a new choreographer of great promise and no small accomplishment. In the three Wells-wrought pieces that I have just seen—*Seasons* (music of Grieg), *Brahms Trio, Parting* (Villa-Lobos)—I could detect a trace of the influences of Balanchine, his former mentor, but who better to trace? Wells, however, has found his own way readily and easily. His phrasing leads to lovely, pertinent pauses in tableaux that serve as statements, or reminders, of the choreographer's theme or basic situation, thus establishing pictorially a frozen, or an arrested, pattern of intent at the beginning of a dance and returning to it, as a choreographic resolution, at the close.

In his music-visualization, or abstract, creations, one finds not only these effective tableaux but also a lovely verve in allegro passages and an agreeable lyricism in adagio. Sometimes, in between, there is a tendency to scurry, to run instead of dance from spot to spot, from design to design, and although the emotional pitch of *Parting*, with its conflict and separation of lovers, leads to too much kinetic vibrato, the drama is genuine and the passion projected.

And so it is that the act of brilliant professional dancing may be found in reasonably remote (except to Augustans, of course!) Augusta, thanks to McBride and Tomasson, and that choreographic stirrings of great vitality may be felt in Yankeeland's New Haven, because of such new talents as Bruce Wells. ◉

Music to My Ears

Salzburg and the Spirit of Shangri-la

by Irving Kolodin

Salzburg, Austria

Spring, as everyone knows, is a time of regeneration, and the Osterfestspiele Salzburg (Easter Festival) partakes of that cycle generally, and specifically in music. Where, in a world of trade unions and working agreements, could one experience a sequence of four days in which a great orchestra performed in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, Mahler's Sixth Symphony, and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* to a standard that might have pleased each of these three very dissimilar composers? Only in the Salzburg Festspielhaus when it is occupied by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan.

A scene in the Festival Theater on a morning of a day halfway through the sequence gave some insight into the quality results over the four-day span. Onstage was a massive accumulation of personnel, who, as the allotted time progressed, quietly folded their music and left the stage, somewhat in the manner of the finale of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony. Haydn's purpose was to remind Prince Esterházy, by whom all concerned were employed, that they were protesting the length of their summer's stay on his estate in Hungary and wanted to get back to their families in Vienna.

Here in Salzburg, the procedure went to a wholly different purpose: Karajan was touching up some passages of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* for the following evening's performance. First he addressed himself to emphasis and dynamic shadings in several of the chorales, in which the large chorus of Vienna's Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde participated, along with the massed players of the Berlin Philharmonic. These were the moments that required the largest number of performers; and when the desired results had been

The stage of the Festspielhaus—(above) Set for a scene in Verdi's Il Trovatore *with Leontyne Price (center) as Leonore; (below) arranged for a rehearsal of Bach's* St. Matthew Passion *with Herbert von Karajan on the podium.*

Photographs: Siegfried Lauterwasser

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achieved, the chorus was dismissed with a courteous wave of the hand.

Now it was the turn of the soloists, and the members of the orchestra required for the parts assigned to the *oboe d'amore*, the *oboe da caccia*, and the *viola da gamba*. Finally, the stage was empty save for mezzo Ruža Baldani, the player of the violoncello continuo, Ottomar Borwitzky, and organist David Bell. Thus, without imposing on the patience or the time of performers who were not involved in this procedure, Karajan could work quietly, patiently, effectively with the few artists who served this particular necessity.

Such acts of consideration are by no means common, and they paid off in the uncommon quality of the results that were heard. Because it came last in the sequence of three performances, the sound of the *St. Matthew Passion* remained clearest in the ear. Fine string playing and chamber music collaboration with the chorus are routine for the Berlin Philharmonic, whose supremacy among European orchestras is now unchallenged. But the solos for the esoteric wind instruments were performed with the artistry of specialists and the accuracy of masters. This doubtless flows from the perfectionist in Karajan's makeup.

WHERE his perfectionism yielded a more debatable outcome was in the division of the long work into two parts separated by a five-hour interlude. Theoretically, this procedure assures closer attention all the way through from the audience and, if all goes well, greater physical resources from the singers as the work progresses. But it is also a fact that vocalists tend to unwind during an extended break, and the rewinding at the beginning of Part II left something lacking in tonal focus. But the last 70 pages of the vocal score could hardly have been better, as such newer artists as Baldini and soprano Anna Tomowa-Sintow settled into a stride that brought them close to the level of such expert performers as Peter Schreier (the Evangelist) and especially José van Dam in the key role of Jesus.

As a native of Belgium, which has little music of its own in the international repertory, Van Dam is ideally placed to range widely among all the possibilities that present themselves to an intelligent artist with a full and flexible bass voice. But even that latitude can hardly account for the versatility that enabled him to sing a fine Ferrando in *Il Trovatore* two days before he turned his attention to the Bach *Pas-*

Continued on page 51

Theater

Of Broken Bodies and Dying Hearts

by Gordon Rogoff

THE plague is clearly sweeping the country. Where the cinema has turned to sinking ships, threatened jets, and gnashing jaws, the theater is turning to broken bodies, shattered lungs, and dying hearts. Chekhov's Nina imagined she had become a sea gull. Today she would see herself as an intravenous jar.

Monsters, a double bill at the Astor Place Theater off Broadway, consists of *Side Show* by William Dews, about Siamese twins, and *The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie* by Albert Innaurato, about a man who is "eating [himself] to death." Across the street at the Public Theater, Joseph Papp has brought Ernest Joselovitz's *Hagar's Children* from the New Playwrights' Theatre in Washington, D.C. In it, five disturbed teen-age children have been cast into funny-farm exile by their parents. Across town, as part of the "Berlin Now" festival presented by Goethe House, there was a brief appearance of a new German play by Gerlind Reinshagen, called *Heaven and Earth*, in which Jennie Egan's Sonia was dying of lung cancer at a hospital in which she encountered Will Patton's Goldie, who lost an arm and a leg between the first and second acts. And uptown in Broadway's Morosco Theatre, coming by way of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles and the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, is Gordon Davidson's production of *The Shadow Box* by Michael Cristofer, a play that brings three dying patients together with their families or friends during the waning hours or months of their lives.

I did not stay long enough at *Hagar's Children* to discover which child had killed the pet lamb in the yard. But the Siamese twins in Dews's play were celebrating their birthday by murdering their parents; Benno Blimpie's dirty old grandfather was stabbed to death by a nymphomaniacal thirteen-year-old; Benno brought a meat cleaver to his huge stomach as the lights blacked out; Sonia died onstage before the oxygen could help her; and the three patients in *The Shadow Box* reassured us antiphonally at the end that "It doesn't last forever," meaning life, I suppose, which—as you can probably sense by now—is far more merciful than the theater.

Benno Blimpie excepted, the plays themselves are plagued as much by the disease of fake realism as they are by the diseases they take so numbingly and literally for their subjects. Even *Benno* threatens to expire from the heavy weight of real food dripping down Benno's overalls. But Innaurato's prey is not Benno's appetite for food so much as it is his appetite for gigantic images: the outsize horrors of his family's tenement existence, the devouring memories of rejection and punishment, and the enormous emptiness surrounding desire. Both James Coco as Benno and Rosemary de Angelis as his

The Shadow Box—*"Yawning its way through an arduous reminiscence."*

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mother cut a path through the underbrush of simulated reality, emerging almost into a realm where the playwright's half-articulated obsessions can begin to find size and shape. They don't escape self-pity any more than Innaurato does, but at least all three are after bigger game.

The same cannot be said for *Benno*'s companion piece, *Side Show*, or for the other plays, though they range from the sloppy sentimental soapiness of *Hagar's Children* to the orderly sentimental soapiness of *The Shadow Box*. Self-pity comes in just so many disguises, so it isn't surprising that the plays and their devices begin to seem interchangeable after a few visits. The insults to intelligence are as obvious as the phony claims on attention. *Hagar's Children* is subtitled "A Play About Giving," while *Heaven and Earth* is subtitled "A Play That Could Change Your Life." The doctor interviewing the patients in *The Shadow Box* is a voice-over for most of the play, just like the director in *A Chorus Line*. Feelings are manipulated in the same way. The doctor might as well be counseling the dancers in their auditions or the troubled kids in *Hagar*. If his patients just happen to be dying, so what? In pulp theater, there is no difference between the condition of dying, the condition of resentment, and the condition of losing a role to another dancer.

One of the *Shadow Box* patients asks the interviewer if he has his "friends out there today?" Turning to the audience, the patient asks: "All come to look at the dead people?" In the early moments of *Hagar*, after a particularly sweaty bout of morning wake-up realism (one young lad beating to the tune of a different drummer under his sheets), the kids suddenly notice—you guessed it—Us: "What are you looking at?" they ask. Then they break into a chanting harangue: "I can't fake it, I can't make it, I can't take it." Which is definitely false. Most of these playwrights are faking most of the time, which is why a lady in *The Shadow Box* and Sonia in *Heaven and Earth* both show the jewels they won as sexual trophies and why an unhappy boy in *Hagar* and a placid boy in *Shadow Box* both play guitars. The coincidences are not as casual as they might appear. They occur because the plays are fundamentally not acts of dramatic imagination at all. They are commercials put out by the same interlocking directorate, and they carry the same slogan: Do not disturb.

When the dialogue is not cracking wise, it is usually yawning its way through an arduous reminiscence. Yet the similarities in playwriting motive and tone have not yielded entirely similar productions. The most beautiful and appropriate design is Wolfgang Roth's for *Heaven and Earth*. In its white-sheeted simplicity, it is also the least expensive. The ugliest and heaviest design is the monster cutout dollhouse by Clarke Dunham for *Hagar's Children*. A forest must have been felled to build it, but that never guaranteed reality in the theater any more than it guarantees an entertaining Sunday edition of *The New York Times*. Meanwhile, Ming Cho Lee has built a shadowed forest as background for the three levels of cottages in *The Shadow Box*, and if it never looks like a hospital, that may be what the doctors ordered. This is a play that confronts reality, after all, by never mentioning cancer in front of its patients. Or us.

With so many handicaps, it is remarkable how calm and tactful Gordon Davidson has been with his actors and their text. Patricia Elliott's exit—stopping to face the audience, a pause for clenching away her tears, followed by the rush to the wings she should have taken in the first place—is his only major miscalculation. He has arranged a minimal number of outbursts, despite the temptation in such earnest and self-important plays to do otherwise. If I remark upon the pointed softness with which the actors speak much of the time, it is because I had begun to think recently that it was a lost art. The people are programmed by the playwright to feel labeled emotions on cue, yet all the actors—Rose Gregorio especially, but also Joyce Ebert, Mandy Patinkin, and Simon Oakland—are deft arbiters of a more complex orchestration.

I HOPE these plays do not signal a trend. Dramatic literature has never needed illness to keep it healthy. Lear's heart breaks: it failed him only when he was dividing his kingdom, and he wouldn't die more eloquently if we knew he was suffering from one carcinoma or another. Chekhov was a practicing physician who could have authoritatively covered his stage with ailments, but when Dr. Astrov comes to treat a patient in Vanya's house, it is only an excuse to woo the patient's wife. And by now nobody believes that Ibsen's *Ghosts* is about Oswald's case of syphilis. As Michael Meyer, Ibsen's biographer, says: "*Ghosts* is a play about ethical, not physical debility . . . the devitalizing effect of a dumb acceptance of convention." The dumb acceptance of convention is a trend, I'm afraid, that is always with us. ◉

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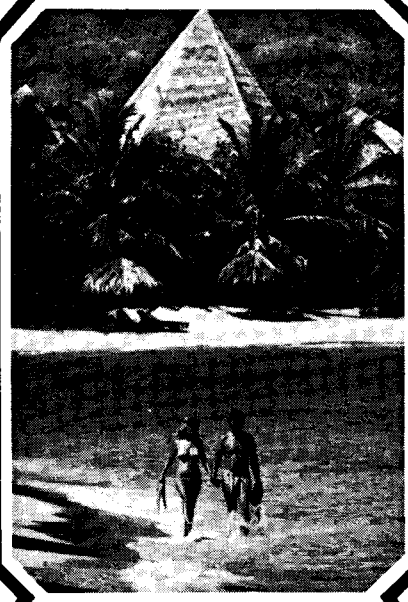

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Television

Why the Huckster Is No Longer the Heavy

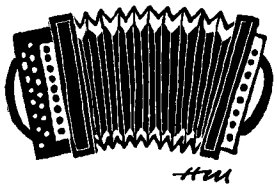
by Karl E. Meyer

THE statistic that everyone will remember about the television season now ending is that 80 million Americans—the largest television audience ever—saw the final installment of *Roots* last January. Another statistic, however—one that attracted less attention—is equally arresting: in 1976, the CBS television network became the first single advertising medium whose revenue reached a billion dollars.

Both these figures are worth discussing. In 1954, when it took advertising leadership away from *Life* magazine, CBS's total billings were $146.2 million. Thus the 1976 figure of over $1 billion represents an incredible gain—615 percent in a 22-year period. Comparable gains were made by ABC and NBC, and total advertising revenues for the three networks in 1976 were close to $3 billion. In this case, money is not simply talking; it's shouting.

What was the result of these enormous profits in terms of program quality? What did the networks offer in the way of new dramas, entertainment programs, documentaries and special series? Well, there was *Roots* of course, and there were a few worthy oddities like *Eleanor and Franklin*. Nonetheless, to call the past season undistinguished is to overpraise it.

The central concern of the networks has always been to make money, which is not at all surprising. Therefore the lucrative rewards and the furious competition for ratings have made network programmers unwilling to take a chance on almost anything different or demanding. What is surprising, however, is that the old villain of years past—the Madison Avenue huckster—is quietly emerging as the most effective friend of better commercial broadcasting. Who would have thought, a generation ago, that this would ever come about?



Back in the 1950s, it was an article of faith among liberals that the root of most broadcasting evil was the sponsor. Program content was in many instances directly controlled by the advertiser. The most obvious—certainly the most flagrant—display of that control concerned the big-money quiz shows. The networks would like us to forget that Charles Van Doren was instructed to take a dive when his ratings slipped in 1958.

The rigging of the quiz shows was exposed in due course, and Charles Van Doren publicly confessed that he had been coached by agency producers. As much as anything else, the scandal brought about a basic change in which sponsor control of programming was supplanted by network control. The advertiser henceforth was able to buy time, but not control. Final authority over scheduling and content moved from Madison Avenue to Sixth Avenue.

Many of us thought, naïvely enough, that this shift of control would bring about improvement in quality. Not so; the tables have simply turned. Now the networks are the ones scrambling for larger and larger audiences. The advertisers, on the other hand, are often just as interested in the quality of the entertainment as they are in the quantity of the audience. One result is the increase in corporate underwriting of public-television shows like *Masterpiece Theater*.

This past season saw another innovation, one in which sponsors bypass the networks and sell their programs to individual stations, creating, in effect, an informal "fourth network" on an ad hoc basis. Thus Mobil gave us *Ten Who Dared*, a ten-week British-produced series on great explorers, which was shown on individual stations in 50 of the country's largest markets. Despite the fact that Mobil may have sponsored the series in a calculated effort to enhance its corporate image, credit is due. The series was imaginatively promoted by commercials, advertisements, and kits sent to high school principals. With a respect for viewer sensitivity seldom evident in network shows, Mobil broadcast the programs without commercial interruption.

Meanwhile, the advertising agencies themselves are assembling similar fourth-network consortiums. Later this month, a mini-series based on Taylor Caldwell's *Testimony of Two Men* is due to be shown on independent stations. Ogilvy & Mather is working with Metromedia Television on a year-round "Metronet" project to provide alternative programming Monday through Friday on independent stations. Benton & Bowles is putting together two hours of Sunday-night programming, also intended for unaffiliated stations.

Obviously, the proof will be in the programming, but the essential notion is appealing. We are bound to have greater choice. It is also worth noting that advertisers are taking the lead in challenging the surfeit of gratuitous violence on network action shows. For the moment at least, the huckster is no longer the heavy who can be conveniently blamed for the slick mediocrity of television programming.

Is there an audience for something different and something better? Surely the lesson of *Roots* is that the potential exists. The response to the week-long dramatization of Alex Haley's documentary novel took even ABC programmers by surprise—*Roots* had been deliberately scheduled for a week when there was no national "sweep" of ratings that would have provided a measure of local audiences in every market. It was a typical network hedge, stemming from a nervous underrating of the average American's attention span. I'm glad *Roots* proved the network programmers wrong; I'd be happier if I thought for a moment that the ratings for *Roots* had an eloquence equal to the billion-dollar advertising revenues of 1976. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 122

(ROBERT E.) DRENNAN:
THE ALGONQUIN WITS

Their common bond . . . was . . . wit. . . . Dorothy Parker, as capable a poet as any of her contemporaries, said of herself, wryly, "I was following in the exquisite footsteps of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, unhappily in my own horrible sneakers."

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Booked for Travel

A Room at the Ritz

by Horace Sutton

In a time when waterfalls cascade down the walls of hotel lobbies, and restaurants are built in aeries that twirl on hotel rooftops, affording a changing view for those who dine there, it is comforting to many that the Ritz Hotel in Paris stands as a redoubt

Bettmann Archive

César Ritz—"Pursuit of the good life."

of tradition. For the guests who occupy its 210 rooms, it continues to provide a ratio of staff to guests of two to one. Although it undertook a $4 million renovation program, there is not the faintest notion of the circus air that swirls in caravansaries celebrated today—no cocktail pods suspended over lobbyside lagoons, no glass elevators slithering up the facades of buildings. *Grâce à Dieu*, the new Ritz is a preserve of paintings, woodwork, tapestries, reflecting, in the words of Monique Ritz, "the authenticity of a collection of wonderful treasures . . . and at the same time adding an atmosphere of joyful harmony which suits today's clientele."

If there is anything that is *nouvelle vague* about the Ritz, it is the presence of Mme. Ritz herself in the title and position of chairman of the board, the French not having as yet become enwebbed in the underbrush of femlib nomenclature. She was born in Geneva, is fifty-four, comely, and the widow of Charles C. Ritz, son of César. Longtime friends, Charles and Monique finally married in 1971. A fey and engaging *homme sportif*, Charles, or Uncle Charles as some of his intimates called him, was as much interested in fly-fishing as he was in the direction of the hotel. Some think even more so. He thought the Ritz name was strong enough to carry along the hotel without refurbishment and without an overt sales effort to bring the customers. Having seen the Ritz's occupancy rate drop and many of his clients lured by the Plaza Athénée, the Georges V, and the Meurice, all of which now belong to hotel chains that employ spirited marketing exercises to bring the customers to the door, Charles belatedly began the costly renaissance of the Ritz. It was left to Monique to finish the makeover and ultimately to assume control of the hotel when Charles died last July.

Contrary to popular belief, the Ritz on the elegant Place Vendôme in Paris is not the central link of a chain. Indeed, there is no Ritz chain. The Paris Ritz is the de facto mother church of Ritzdom, a loosely linked confrerie of hotels of similar caste and station with which César worked at one time or to which Charles, after careful examination, awarded the right—without remuneration—to use the Ritz name. The roster includes the Ritz in London, those in Madrid and Barcelona, a large one that opened in a shower of royalty and jewels in Lisbon nearly 20 years ago, the venerable Ritzes in Boston and Montreal, and the new—and by far the most departural of the lot—Ritz-Carlton in Chicago, opened in 1975.

Sometime after the original Ritz was launched in Paris in 1898, ritz and ritzy passed into the language as synonymous with wealth and aristocratic style. "Puttin' on the Ritz" appeared as the title of a song by Irving Berlin that appeared in a 1929 film of the same name.

It was also a mutation of the less elegant form of the same expression, "putting on the dog." Underworld characters in Chester Gould's comic strip "Dick Tracy" employed "ritzy" as an adjective. A comic strip called "Fritzi Ritz" appeared, later to be called "Nancy." And there was a proliferation of purveyors who adopted the word *Ritz*. They exist to this day in such corners as the Ritz Plumbing Service (Los Angeles), the Ritz Barber Shop (Philadelphia), the Ritz Pastry Shop (Chicago), and the secondhand fur store in New York called the Ritz Thrift Shop. Only some enterprises, among them the Ritz Tower in New York, Ritz Crackers, a product of the National Biscuit Company, and the Ritz Restaurant in Berlin paid for the use of the name.

Small hotels in places such as Italy, which didn't subscribe to the copyright laws, use the Ritz name without permission, and so does one in Manila. The

Georges Escoffier—"King of chefs."

only time the Ritzes prosecuted was when their name appeared on toilet tissue.

The originator of this life-style, or at least the man who established the pursuit of the good life and made it synonymous with his name, was César Ritz, born in 1850 at Niederwald, some 20 miles from Brig, which is the last Swiss railroad stop before the Italian border. He began as a shepherd, got his first restaurant job at the Voisin in Paris. The Edwardian flood rolled ashore in London like a tidal wave of plush in the 1880s, bringing new hotels, new fashion, and a new sense of luxury. At the height of the splendor, in 1889, Richard D'Oyly Carte, the impresario who had built the Savoy Theater especially for Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, opened the Savoy Hotel in London, complete with electric lights, 70 baths, six elevators, and César Ritz. A year later the Savoy was blessed with the appearance of Georges Auguste Escoffier, then forty-

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four and mounting the heights of a career that was to span 62 years of active service and was to make him, as was often said, the chef of kings and the king of chefs.

Escoffier and Ritz were an irrepressible combination, pandering to the needs of the rich as fashion, ennui, and the climate moved the social venue from the National Hotel in Lucerne, to Brenner's Park in Baden-Baden, to winters at Lake Maggiore, and to business months in London. The faithful would have liked to come to Paris, assured of Mr. Ritz's impeccable service and Escoffier's exquisite cuisine, but, as they ruefully told César, there was just no place there where suitable standards were guaranteed.

César and Escoffier moved to the Carlton in London (where Escoffier was to have his most brilliant years), and Ritz took a trip to Paris to see if he could find a place to please his clients. Ambling along the Place Vendôme, near the Tuileries, he came upon a delivery boy bringing a bathtub and hot water to a small *hôtel particulier*—a private mansion. "I'm delivering water for the bath of the Prince of Wales" (later to be Edward VII of England), said the delivery boy—at least as the story has become forever engraved. Said César, if that is where the Prince of Wales stays, that's where the Ritz will be.

By circumstance, the town house, once the property of the Duke of Lauzun, a Lafayette general, was for sale. Ritz returned to London to raise money. He remembered a backer named Marnier La Postolle, a short man who had invented an orange-flavored liqueur of particular merit. As Ritz sought money for the Paris hotel, La Postolle sought a name for his cordial. Ritz looked down at the diminutive inventor and said, "Call it Grand Marnier." La Postolle gave him the money to buy the Duke of Lauzun's house, which opened in 1898 as the Paris Ritz. Eight years later there was a Ritz in the heart of Piccadilly, near Green Park, in London.

A Ritz-Carlton opened in New York in 1910 at Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, establishing a classy beachhead in these northern limits that had been pioneered by The Plaza, even farther north at Fifty-ninth Street. The New York Ritz survived until 1951, when, in a downpour of nostalgia, it was torn down to make room for an office building.

But during its lifetime in Manhattan, it brought the Ritz-Carlton imprimatur to the New World and to the heart of New York. Scott Fitzgerald used its name in "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," a fantasy he wrote in the winter of 1921–22. The Ritz bar was as famous as its counterpart in Paris, and for grande dames and businessmen the Ritz was the preferred place to have lunch. As a hostelry, the Ritz-Carlton was hyphenated in fact as well as in name. The Ritz side provided shelter for transient guests while the Carlton was set aside for those occupying quarters on longer term.

Oddly enough, the New York Ritz-Carlton was once owned by Harvard, to which it was left in the will of Robert Walton Goelet, its builder. Harvard sold it to the trustees for the English branch of the Astor family. The Astor trustees sold it in turn to the Uris brothers, who tore it down in 1952 and put up an office building, now unceremoniously known as 380 Madison Avenue. The Astor family built an apartment hotel that remains today, hushed and elegant, as the Carlton House. It contains some of the fixtures from the Ritz and a few from the old Astor on Broadway.

Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst editor, obtained a Ritz franchise, and in the heady year of 1927 the Ritz Tower, a hotel of supreme elegance, promising Ritz service, opened on Park Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street, on property owned by William Randolph Hearst. A 16-room duplex was set aside for Brisbane, but he never occupied it. Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, and Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, were all tenants in the hotel. Even though the Ritz became a cooperative apartment-hotel and later ceased to pay for the Ritz franchise, it has continued to attract notables, among them Arlene Francis and her husband, the actor Martin Gabel, Paulette Goddard, and Goodman Ace. Perhaps it is a mark of social change that the Ritz Tower quarters, now occupied by The First Women's Bank was, in other times, the nest of the late Henri Soulé's Pavillon, hands down New York's ritziest restaurant and considered by some gastronomes to have ranked among the world's best.

Charles of the Ritz beauty salon, another street-floor tenant, got its name from Charles Jundt, a French hair stylist who achieved a reputation in proper circles for his mastery in coiffures. Since he had begun in New York's Ritz-Carlton, he became known, in grand fashion, as Charles of the Ritz. Adding the Ritz to one's name awards it a flash of trumpets in the fashion of Oscar of the Waldorf and Montgomery of Alamein. A line of cosmetics under the name of Lanvin–Charles of the Ritz is marketed by the Squibb Company, and the Charles of the Ritz salons have been absorbed by the Glemby Company, international marketers of beauty products.

Although it succumbed, garden and all, to a mass of undistinguished concrete that now occupies its site, the New York Ritz-Carlton grew branches that continue to spawn offshoots.

Only two years younger than the late New York Ritz-Carlton, the Montreal edition, which opened in 1912, remains healthy and elegant to this day. The 267 rooms of the Montreal Ritz have all been redone in the past five years. It is managed now by Fred Laubi, an international-class manager who ran the refined Gritti Palace in Venice before coming here.

It remains the supreme hotel of Montreal, a city that has grown up all around it and is now the second largest French-speaking city in the world. During the Olympic Games last year, the Ritz was the site of the state banquet given by Queen Elizabeth and the queen's reception, at which, in a rare encounter, the whole royal family was assembled away from home.

Ritz could scarcely have envisioned such success when he allowed the hotel to be opened with his name in the days before World War I. Having cut the ribbon on New Year's Eve, the thirty-first of December, 1912, the hotel had a house count of three guests on January first, a total that soared to nine on January fourth.

By now, Ritz was combining his name with that of the Carlton, in which he and Escoffier had interests. When a Boston politician asked Edward N. Wyner, a local real estate developer, to turn a new apartment building into a first-class hotel, which the city needed, Wyner obliged and succeeded in getting the rights to the Ritz-Carlton name.

The Boston hotel opened May 18, 1927, fifty years ago, on the corner of Arlington Street and Newburgh, overlooking the Public Garden. Like most Ritzes it has entertained such statesmen as Willy Brandt and Winston Churchill, but it was also a favorite inn of John Kennedy, both as congressman and as President. It being the habit of Broadway shows to try out in Boston, and it being the taste of producers and creators to recline in luxury, the Boston Ritz has been the home for many theatrical talents. Rodgers and Hammerstein reworked *South Pacific* in its satiny confines.

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The Ritz that might have made César twitch is the new Ritz-Carlton, which opened two years ago in Chicago. It is not exactly a hotel one can point to, since it occupies 22 floors of a 74-story complex called Water Tower Place. Most of the floors not occupied by the Ritz are luxury condominium apartments, but there is also room for an eight-level mall set aside for shops. There are over 100 of them, including an edition of Lord and Taylor and of Marshall Field. Some corporate space is set aside on the eighth and ninth floors, and there is still room for the Drury Lane Theater and four cinemas.

To avoid what might seem an unseemly mix, Ritz patrons can take private elevators to the lobby, a two-acre expanse that happens to be on the twelfth floor. That level also provides the real estate for The Greenhouse, an arbor where drinks are served, the dining room, café, bar, terrace, and other stations set aside for nourishment. Marshall Field fills the 32 vitrines of a 210-foot-long shopping walkway similar to the one in the Paris Ritz and akin to the original Peacock Alley in New York's first Waldorf-Astoria, where the Empire State Building stands now.

Since César's salad days, nearly 60 years ago, hotel needs have changed. The Ritz-Carlton, Chicago, says it is the first hotel in the country to have installed a special facility uniquely for press conferences and live television broadcasting. The pursuit of health having been recognized as important to today's traveler as, say, the bar was in César's day, the Ritz-Carlton in the Windy City comes complete with an indoor swimming pool, gym, sauna, whirlpool bath, and other devices for disentangling the snarled executive.

The Ritz in Madrid, in its snootiest days—say in the late 1950s—was still in the habit of turning down actors no matter how famous. One didn't take performers in a house that was, well, that ritzy. In the new world, not only actors but businessmen are solicited, at least by the Paris Ritz, which makes assurances that it has on hand multilingual secretaries, conference rooms, Telex, and even portable signal devices that guests expecting to be summoned can carry on their persons.

Still, on the Cambon side, Claude and Jack remain at the Ritz bar, while on the Vendôme side, the residence of the Duke of Lauzun remains as serene as it was when the future Edward VII bathed there. At the Espadon, Escoffier lives, and so do his specialties. Even the dietetic meals are served by candlelight. You can't be ritzier than that. ◉

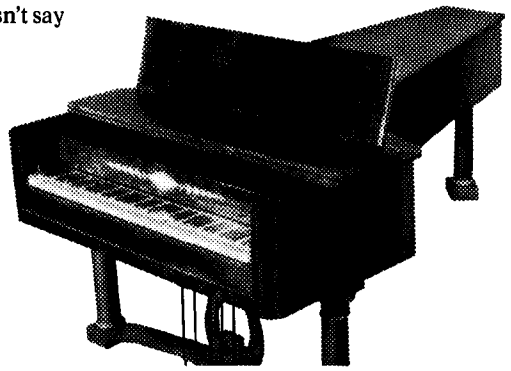
Encounter austria

I played Chopsticks on Beethoven's piano

It was in the house at Mölkerbastei 8 in Vienna, where the composer lived for many years. It's a museum now dedicated to his memory. I looked at the piano where Beethoven worked and I began to play it in my mind. I chose the only work I ever really learned! Being in the master's home, in this glorious city of music, gave me a feeling I can't describe in words. And my rendition of Chopsticks doesn't say it either.

Beethoven lived in Vienna, and Beethoven still lives here along with Strauss, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and so many others. My mother was right. I should have practiced harder...

Visit Beethoven when you... Encounter Austria to know the heart of Europe.



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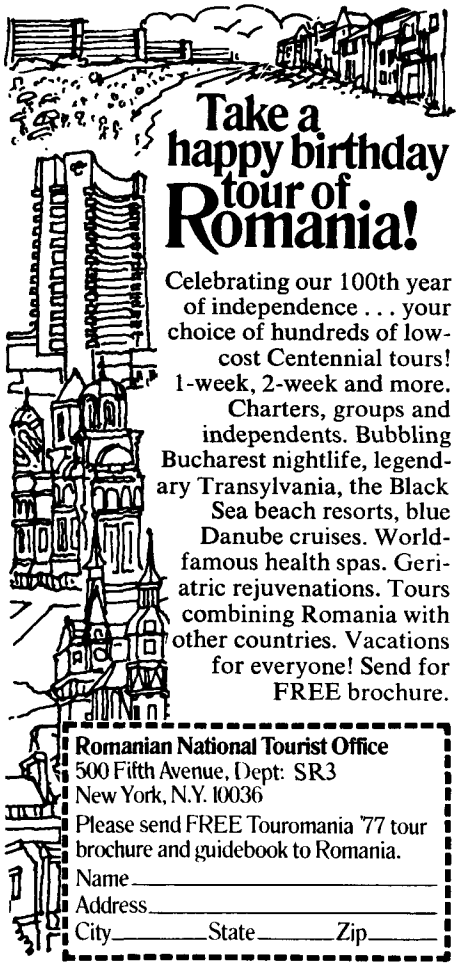

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World Progress Report

Back to the Soil

Maybe it's the growing awareness of the world food crisis, or the increasing interest in things environmental, or even women's liberation. Or perhaps it's merely a case of students sensing the promise of a good job after graduation. Whatever the reasons, enrollment in the nation's agricultural colleges, long a backwater in the American educational mainstream, is growing faster than corn in Kansas.

According to the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges, the "ag" schools have increased their enrollments by about 30 percent in only the past two years, and by 300 percent since 1963. In this school year, there are almost 100,000 undergraduates and 25,000 graduate students in agricultural programs at 72 schools.

The schools report a qualitative as well as a quantitative change in their student bodies. For one thing, there seems to be a reversal of the old truism about not being able to keep the young folks down on the farm after they've seen the big city. "In just four years," the head of the University of Minnesota's agronomy department told *The New York Times*, "we have shifted from predominantly farm kids who knew everything about farming to a predominantly urban enrollment with many students who have never even seen a wheat field."

An increasing percentage of the new students are women, who now make up 28 percent of the enrollment in the traditionally male-dominated ag schools. At Michigan State University, for example, there are now more than 1,200 women agriculture students, almost 30 times as many as there were a decade ago, and they are now entering areas that had previously been considered "men's work."

Few of the future graduates will end up working their own land; less than 5 percent of the American population now lives on farms, and the proportion is shrinking steadily. Instead, the ag students are preparing for careers in large-scale farm management, food processing, and other agribusinesses. In some fields of specialization, the schools are having a hard time keeping up with the demand. There are now more candidates for each available place in graduate schools of veterinary medicine than there are for each opening in schools that teach medicine for people.

Educational Television

There seems to be no end to the arguments about what children learn from the programs they see on television, but a report in the *Harvard Business Review* argues that the kids are getting the real message from the commercials. According to Thomas Bever, a Columbia University psychologist, and Martin Smith, an advertising professional, the TV advertisements have little effect on the attitudes of five- and six-year-olds. Between the ages of seven and nine, the researchers' survey showed, children begin to be troubled by the conflict they perceive between the promises made by TV commercials and the actual performance of the advertised products their parents buy. For the child, says the report, the fact that "society allows for institutional hypocrisy violates [the] moral precepts he has been taught."

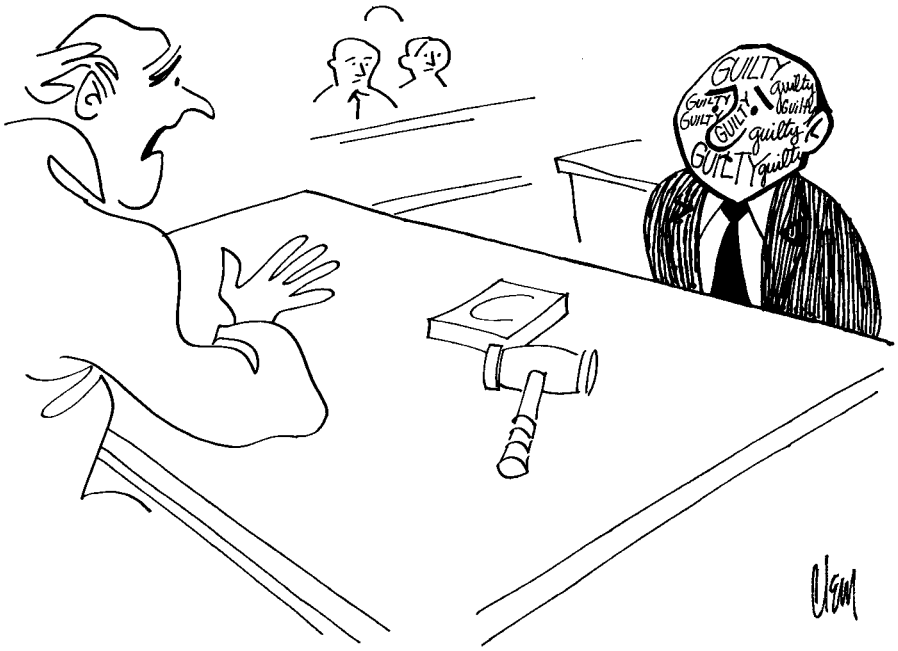
By the time the children in the survey turned ten, however, they had developed a protective shield of cynicism against the distortions in TV commercials. "They're all lies," said one group of preadolescent nonbelievers. But the oldest children in the survey, eleven and twelve years old, "finally accept societal hypocrisy as a fact of life."

International Medicine

Seemingly undaunted by the flouting of the Helsinki accords and the waxing and waning of détente, a five-year-old program of cooperative research among Russian and American doctors has been making important progress on several fronts. Each year, the program has sponsored the exchange of 200 scientists between the two countries to work on cancer, heart disease, environmental health, arthritis, influenza, and the biological aspects of schizophrenia.

Cooperative studies in heart disease, for example, have enabled the scientists to test the effectiveness of Russian drug therapies against that of the surgical treatments favored in the United States, and to share valuable know-how in the development of artificial hearts. Cancer researchers have exchanged about 150 medicines used in chemotherapy and have also begun an investigation of possible links between viruses and cancer. Last year, the Soviet-American medical research resulted in the publication of 80 scientific papers. An important, though intangible, benefit derived from the program, according to an official in the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, has been the standardization of many research procedures, which paves the way for increased cooperation in the future.

—ANTHONY WOLFF



"You have 'guilty' written all over your face."

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Manner of Speaking

More of the Mailbag

by John Ciardi

Shortenin' Bread: The lumps one may observe on my head will testify to the fact that I have been called to proper account for thinking that the term was "shortenin' and bread" and that it had a sexual connotation.

I can only apologize for the sexual connotation as an error of my youth, in which everything suggested sex. The misrendering of the term is explainable only as an item of my own ignorance, by which I have never been surprised. I attest by my lumpy head that I now know "shortenin' bread" to be—at root, though with many variations—corn bread baked short to lighten it.

Gringo: Many readers persist in etymologizing "gringo" as deriving from this country's 1846–1848 War with Mexico, and they are wrong.

My good friend F. J. Espinosa writes to cite *Etymological Dictionary of the Castilian Language*, by C. J. Coronimas, which locates the word as far back as 1615 and describes it as an alteration of the word *griego* in the sense "the incomprehensible language spoken by foreigners." (It's Greek to me.)

Thank you, Espi. And my further thanks to Joseph P. Kemendo of San Antonio, Texas, who supplied confirming citations from *Diccionario Castellano* by Estaban de Terrerosa y Panda (Madrid, 1781) and from *Dictionnaire Espagnol-Français* by Melchior Nuñez de Taboado (Paris, 1838).

Dear Old Siwash: The derivation of "Siwash" (the name of a tribe of northwest Indians) from the French *sauvage* (savage) is firmly attested. The Siwash were noted for their primitivism and for their ability to live off sparse land on long journeys. "To siwash" became a northwestern regionalism for "to rough it," and the term was used by lumberjacks in connection with the roughest jobs of snaking logs out of broken country. The question was: "How did 'dear old Siwash' [primitive or backwoods college] come into general usage?"

The phrase—as I learn by reading my mail (and thank you, friends)—was coined by George Fitch; born in Galva, Illinois, March 3, 1877; died August 9, 1915 (for which information I am grateful to Carroll B. Larrabee of Annandale, Virginia).

George Fitch attended Knox College, and "dear old Siwash" has often been taken as a reference to Knox. Mr. Fitch popularized the name in a series of stories that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* from about 1909 to the time of his death. In 1926 Little, Brown published a posthumous collection of those stories, *At Good Old Siwash*. I am grateful to Professor David R. Cartlidge of Maryville College, Tennessee, for supplying me with a note written by George Fitch and used in the introduction to the collection:

"Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise. It isn't Kansas. It isn't Knox. . . . It isn't Tuskegee, Texas, or Tufts. It is just Siwash College. I built it myself with a typewriter out of memories, legends, and . . . tales from a score of colleges."

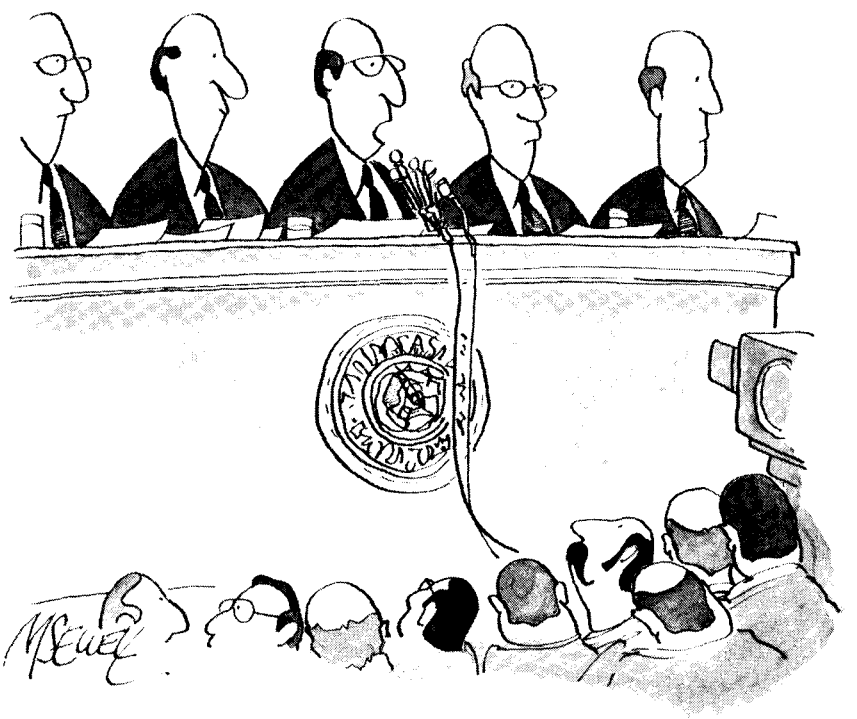
Brass Hat: "Brass hat" was not on my original list, but a note on it received from Colonel Arthur Kramer, U. S. Army (Ret.), is certainly worth sharing. The term does not derive, Colonel Kramer insists, from the gold lace (scrambled eggs) on the caps of senior officers, but from the bicorne cocked hat worn by Napoleon's officers. This hat was called a *chapeau à bras* (an arm hat) because officers, when indoors, carried it flat under one arm. "Brass" is simply the Anglicized form of the French *bras*.

In the Catbird Seat: Martyl Langsdorf of Schaumburg, Illinois, writes to ask the origin of this expression, which means "exultant, on top of the world." I can offer no attestation, but I take the phrase to be a southern regionalism, now generally diffused by sports announcers.

The catbird is a relative of the mockingbird and much given to perching at the top of a tree to pour out its exultant song.

So, at least, I render it at the risk of whatever lumps I must take from *SR* readers who have not yet used up their supply of brickbats.

Fire away, friends. ◉



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Light Refractions

Maybe He Isn't So Bad After All

by Thomas H. Middleton

We were having dinner with the Abernethys—Bob, the noted baritone and NBC newsman; his wife, Jean; and their daughter, Jane, who is a freshman at Princeton. I told Jane about the Princeton freshman I met four years ago who, when I referred to her as a co-ed, told me that she didn't like the term *co-ed*. She said she wanted to be called a Princeton man. Jane laughed and said she wasn't too sure about being a Princeton man, but it certainly beat being a co-ed.

Jane's mother said she saw nothing wrong with Jane being a Princeton man. "After all," she said, "I used to be a copyboy." Jean said she thinks she was the first head copyboy with the Washington *Evening Star*, and she said that if anyone had ever called her a copygirl or a copyperson, it would have gone over very badly.

This dinner conversation took place on the evening of the day I'd received a lot of mail in response to "Pondering the Personal Pronoun Problem" [*SR*, March 5, 1977], in which I'd said that if there had to be a pronoun to replace the standard *he-him-his* in cases where gender is unspecified, I hoped it would not be one of the many inventions that have been proposed: *hisher*, *himmer*, *shis*, *shem*, and so on. I said I'd be happier if we could learn to accept *they* to mean *he or she*. *They*, *them*, and *their* at least have the advantage of a history in the language.

I closed that column by saying, "I hereby resolve to try to use *they*, *them*, and *their* in defiance of traditional grammar—in the hope of making a start toward drowning out *shis*, *hisher*, *himmer*, and *heshe*—confident that I'm asking for a deluge of letters from outraged grammarians.

"When everybody gets out their poison pens, I'll try to withstand their wrath."

A few letter writers pointed out that I obviously wasn't entirely comfortable with my use of *their*. They said, quite correctly, that if I had been at home with the idiom, I'd have said "their poison pen" instead of "their poison pens."

Others presented different alternative pronouns, such as *thon*, *hir*, *one*, and *it* as substitutes for *his or her*. I began to feel queasy. I hate all those suggestions, without exception. I hope fervently that none of them ever catches on.

Of course, I got several of the expected how-*could*-you letters. A number of people, though, agreed with the feeling expressed by Ms. Elaine F. Tankard, who is production editor of *Contemporary Psychology* and who said, "I was positively delighted to read your column 'Pondering the Personal Pronoun Problem.' While some few holdouts still refuse to acknowledge that the problem exists and won't even deign to ponder the situation, you're correct in saying that 'we're going to have to settle the problem.' It won't go away by ignoring it."

What Ms. Tankard and others suggest is rewriting so that we use plural nouns: "By simple pluralizing, in most cases, the offending *he* can be eliminated and replaced with a plural subject and a plural follow-up pronoun.

"For example . . . instead of 'Each member should supply their own utensils,' why not 'Members should supply their own utensils'? Doesn't it mean the same thing?"

Yes, that's a possible solution; but, at the risk of raising some feminist hackles, I'm reconsidering the whole problem. I've had several letters over the years similar to the one I received recently from Marylou S. Williams, of Wallingford, Connecticut, who says, "Please do not be intimidated. . . . I was a victim of subtle and not so subtle prejudice against women when I was in graduate school . . . but the last thing that ever loomed as a threat was the gender of a pronoun!"

For weeks I stuck to my resolve, making a conscious effort to use *they-them-their* to avoid "the offending *he*." I never felt comfortable doing so.

Then one day we were playing tennis—Jeannie and I against two young women, both staunch feminists. We were all playing badly at first. The score went to three-all, Ann Taylor Fleming serving to us. She won her game, and I said, "That's the first time in this set that anyone has won his own serve." It wasn't said willfully, but as it came out I was very much aware that I wasn't saying "their own serve." The only reaction was a somewhat surprised "Hey, I guess you're right!"

I felt comfortable with it, and I think Ann and Kathy and Jeannie did, too—although I didn't feel like rocking the boat by taking a poll, so I'm just guessing.

Anyway, with apologies to Ms. Tankard and the many others who are troubled by *he-him-his*, I'm going back to the English I was raised with. Call me conservative or rock-ribbed. Call me a plastic bottle cap in the compost heap of life. I'm going back, and I'm going to do my best not to feel guilty about it. ◉

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Music *from page 42*

sion. The solidity of three other principals in *Trovatore* could be expected merely from the mention of their names: Leontyne Price, at the peak of her vocal-dramatic powers, as Leonore, Fiorenza Cossotto as Azucena, and Piero Cappuccilli as Di Luna. Decidedly on a lower level was Franco Bonisolli, who was too light and too limited in sound to produce anything like a Manrico for the kind of *Trovatore* Karajan was conducting.

The total sound was anything but intemperate in volume, but with eight double basses spread out along the back of the orchestra pit and a larger choir of winds than is usually heard in this opera, the air was full of color and vibration even when both chorus and soloists were silent. The darkness of the sound was fully in accordance with the darkness of the scene, for which Teo Otto had provided a lateral stretch of tapestry-like pictures, and Georges Wakhevitch a costume parade of period garb. Both sets and costumes were appropriate to the broad, shallow dimensions of the Festival Theater's stage.

For Mahler's Sixth Symphony, the Festspielhaus stage was artfully transformed into an excellent shell for a fine concert performance. Let it not be said that the performance was also technically perfect: an oboe, I think, missed an entrance. But it was almost inhumanly possessive of the listener in its range of color and dynamics, sonority and balance. Even the intricacies of the finale, in which Mahler was putting almost every complexity of his difficult life into a sounding strand of texture, were clarified in a way seldom experienced. In respect to the options permissible to the conductor, Karajan took the repeat some conductors reject in the first movement, and in the finale, he rejected the last of Mahler's three "hammer blows of fate," which some conductors employ. Both choices, in this view, went to the heart of Mahler's purpose.

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MEXICO—SAN MIGUEL DE ALLENDE. Furnished 2-bedroom house, 2½ baths, fireplaces, patios. Servants, utilities included. October 15-April 15. $600 month. SR Box 2200.

WALES—converted stone barn. 16th century charm, 20th century conveniences! Striking countryside. Near beaches. 2 bedrooms, large living room, 2 fireplaces. Long/short term lease. (212) 753-9766.

HOUSES FOR RENT

FRANCE. 3-bedroom house available October-May, modern facilities. Picturesque lakeside village just outside Geneva. Reasonable. (215) 968-3270.

AGUA AMARGA, ALMERIA, SPAIN. Tranquil seaside. New house. Inexpensive. (313) 668-8304.

VERMONT LOG CABIN. Quiet, comfortable. Space for four. $300 plus utilities. Christopher Vickery, 33-28 191 Street, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

SUMMER RENTALS

VERMONT COTTAGES, swimming, boating, fishing, hiking, Lake Dunmore. "Naidni", Brandon, Vt. 05733.

HOUSES FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3880 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

FOR SALE: Immediate occupancy, completely furnished, well-insulated, cozy year 'round dream house. Berkshires in Mass. mountain view, one hour Tanglewood, w to w carpet, 2 bedrooms, 5 beds, den, 1½ baths, screened patio, Franklin stove, modern kitchen, washer, dryer, garage, gardens, tools, golf, fishing, skiing, hunting, bird flyway. In the $40's, possible 7 acres. Harry Rapp, (413) 667-3053.

TUCSON—Desert oasis, 4 acres, 5-7 bedrooms, tennis court, stables, basement, low utilities. Must sell—$150,000. (602) 749-3731, after 4 p.m.

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GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

CAPE COD, WELLFLEET. Breathtaking waterview. Two fully-furnished cottages. $62,500 inclusive. (617) 731-8666.

BERMUDA—Purchase or rental of Bermuda homes write Colin Anderson, Kitson & Co., P.O. Box 449, Bermuda. Phone 5-2525.

CAPE COD LAND. Choice waterview homesites near Chequesset Country Club in Wellfleet and near Seymour Pond in Brewster available from owner. Your inquiry invited. Richard H. Woodward, Gull Pond Road, Wellfleet, Mass. 02667.

SOUTHERN OREGON COAST: Elegant view house. 4 bedrooms, 3½ baths, 4 fireplaces. Numerous carefully considered details. Older guesthouse, caretaker's mobile home. Buyer must grant conservation easement. Surrounding old forests, bluffs, intertidal coast to be nature preserve. Acreage, ocean frontage negotiable. (503) 482-4175.

BIG . . . NEW . . . FREE . . . SUMMER CATALOGUE! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

GREEK REVIVAL FARM HOME, carefully restored, three fireplaces, five bedrooms, central heat, drilled well. Barn, 120 acres, 50 tillable, 40 wood lot, brook, northwestern Catskills. $100,000. (607) 652-7286, (201) 531-3440.

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EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

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EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE publishes monthly 70-100 pages of current school/university vacancies. $6/month, $16/4 months, $30/8 months. Box 306-E, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

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TRAVEL! FOREIGN SHIPS! GOOD PAY! No experience. Men/women. Adventures abroad. Work. Study. Stamped long envelope. GLOBETROTTER, Box 1266-SRB, Kansas City 64141.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS. Math/science, agriculture, engineering, home economics, business administration, accounting, nursing degrees needed for Peace Corps projects in Africa, Latin America, Asia, the Pacific. French or Spanish desirable. Expenses paid: travel, medical, vacation and living. U.S. citizens, singles or couples only. Information: Cynthia Seck, ACTION, Box P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525—An Equal Opportunity Program.

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GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS $59.30!—CARS—$33.50!—200,000 ITEMS! —GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services Department P-10, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (433 California).

SITUATIONS WANTED

Need GOOD early childhood teacher? Try me. 1976 graduate University Northern Colorado and Madeira, Greenway, Virginia ('72). Now at Breck School, Minneapolis. Gymnastics and tennis coaching, too. I love children. Why not yours? Dana White. SR Box 2208.

20 YEAR OLD ENGLISHMAN, London School Economics undergraduate, seeks interesting employment during Summer Vacation in U.S. References available. Write Wilce, 18-24 Fitzroy Street, London W1, England.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 U	2 H	3 M	4 G	5 K	6 N		7 Q	8 A		9 D	10 I	11 W	12 C		13 J	14 G
15 Y		16 O	17 P	18 Q	19 F	20 X		21 J	22 W		23 B	24 X	25 D	26 A		27 Q
28 V		29 G	30 O	31 W	32 L	33 I		34 S	35 J	36 M	37 N	38 H	39 U	40 R	41 X	42 V
	43 A	44 C	45 Y	46 L	47 N	48 V	49 O	50 Q	51 S		52 D	53 B	54 W	55 M	56 L	57 Z
58 K	59 G	60 X		61 I	62 X		63 X	64 A	65 F	66 C	67 N		68 L	69 W	70 A	71 V
72 P	73 M	74 S	75 F		76 N	77 I	78 Z	79 O	80 L	81 D	82 T		83 S	84 A	85 H	86 P
87 W		88 F	89 G	90 O	91 Q	92 M	93 Y	94 T	95 E	96 V	97 L		98 O	99 Y	100 A	101 S
102 U	103 W		104 Y	105 I	106 C	107 K		108 P	109 E	110 Y	111 T		112 R	113 W	114 H	115 N
116 O	117 U	118 Y	119 Q		120 U	121 Z	122 K	123 F	124 C		125 V	126 W		127 K	128 I	129 B
130 O	131 P	132 E	133 Y	134 Q		135 M	136 H	137 U	138 N		139 R	140 X	141 S	142 V	143 L	
144 G	145 B	146 Y		147 A	148 M	149 U	150 V	151 F	152 D	153 R	154 N		155 E	156 W		157 J
158 Z	159 N	160 F	161 G	162 Q		163 B	164 R	165 U		166 Q	167 U	168 S	169 H	170 L	171 V	
172 K	173 A	174 R	175 L	176 I	177 X		178 U	179 B	180 R	181 D	182 N	183 O	184 G		185 Z	186 H
187 O	188 J	189 K	190 R	191 I	192 X	193 P	194 E	195 Q	196 T		197 Y	198 B		199 G	200 T	201 U
202 P	203 Q	204 W	205 A	206 K	207 N		208 R	209 T	210 J	211 F	212 X	213 D				

Number 123

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Sew by passing the thread over and over

B. Bum's rush (comp.)

C. Boobs, goofs, jerks

D. Treasury, funds

E. Mother of Ra

F. Formal expression of high praise

G. Sport that originated in Canada in the 1870s (2 wds.)

H. Queen in Dryden's "The Spanish Fryar"

I. Region and former province of northeast France

J. Starling of Europe and Asia

K. " 'Change _____ again!' yelled the Gryphon" (*Alice in Wonderland*)

L. Largest of the Galapagos Islands, also called Isabela

M. Dick, flatfoot, bull

WORDS

26 43 70 100 147 173 205 8 64 84

129 145 163 23 53 179 198

12 44 66 106 124

152 181 213 9 25 52 81

95 109 132 155 194

211 19 75 88 123 151 65 160

161 184 199 14 29 89 4 59 144

169 186 2 38 85 114 136

176 191 10 33 61 77 105 128

157 188 210 13 21 35

58 107 127 172 189 5 122 206

46 97 175 32 56 80 143 170 68

36 148 73 92 135 3 55

CLUES

N. Stealthy, clandestine

O. Expressed with extreme economy; relieved of irrelevant matter

P. Discharges of artillery in regular succession

Q. Process for bringing about agreement between opponents in a dispute

R. Former province in central France

S. Repudiate

T. Hot milk curdled with ale, wine, or the like

U. Vividly, strikingly

V. Entrenchment built in the eighth century by the king of Mercia as a barrier against the Welsh (2 wds.)

W. Makes short work of (2 wds.)

X. Distinguishing features

Y. Judgment

Z. Quiet, subdued, abstemious

WORDS

115 182 6 67 159 207 37 47 154 138 76

79 98 116 183 16 30 49 90 130 187

193 202 108 131 17 72 86

91 134 203 18 119 166 7 162 195 27 50

139 190 112 153 180 164 174 208 40

51 74 101 168 141 34 83

196 94 111 200 82 209

102 120 149 167 178 201 39 137 117 1 165

125 150 28 96 42 71 171 48 142

69 11 204 113 54 31 87 103 156 126 22

212 24 62 177 63 41 140 192 20 60

15 110 146 104 45 99 197 93 133 118

78 121 57 158 185

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 122* appears on page 44.

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Switzerland works.

It's clean. It's decent. It's logical. It's well run and it's run well. Surprises aren't unpleasant. Roadsigns actually tell you where you're going. And people have a habit of saying thank you.

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SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

SWISSAIR

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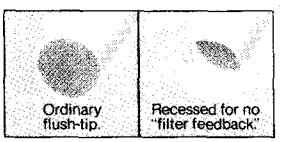
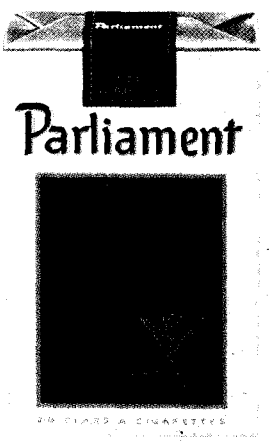
There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.

Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



10 mg. Kings
12 mg. 100's

More than just a low-tar number. **Parliament.**

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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